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PRINCE BISMARCK'S VISIT TO THE GERMAN EMPEROR, JAN. 26: ENTERING BERLIN WITH PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is, perhaps, an evidence of the comparative prosperity of the literary calling that it is beginning to have parasites; not the sort of gentlemen to one of whom Disraeli applied the term "the louse of literature," who have always been common enough, but downright begging impostors. A letter in the *Times* has recently called attention to one of them, who has honoured me more than once with a personal interview. On the first occasion he came (under the respectable name of Chaplin) as a wood-engraver who had helped in his humble way to illustrate my immortal works; and the second time (under the equally respectable name of Wilson) as the private secretary of a brother author. His visits, unlike those of the angels, were not sufficiently far between, and as he had, only too obviously, not changed his name for the usual reason of an accession of property, my suspicions were excited, and in his second attempt upon my credulity he failed. However, I am glad to say he succeeded, in the assumed character of my amanuensis (under the respectable name of Downton), with one of my friends, who had the bad taste to excuse his gullibility upon the ground that with such handwriting as mine he thought it only natural that I should employ a person in that capacity.

There is, of course, a much larger and finer specimen of the literary parasite, but much rarer. Everyone who is old enough remembers the gentleman who, misled, as regards sex, by the pseudonym of George Eliot, impersonated that author in the provinces with much success, and complained of the smallness of the sums he had received for his deathless stories. Mr. Besant, too, had a brother, though he was himself unconscious of it, who laid New York under contribution upon the same ground. I was, I remember, rather pleased at this, for Mr. Besant had previously written to me a friendly letter describing how he had met an author of "Lost Sir Massingberd" at an inn in Yorkshire, living upon that humble reputation, and had described him as "a much more distinguished person to look at than you are, my dear fellow."

The number of would-be contributors who send stories to our periodicals they have not written would be incredible to the outside world. It is not always done for gain. Strange as it may seem, the intoxicating desire for publication even extends to seeing their written words in print, though they have been merely copied. The more usual method, however, is to combine pleasure and profit by receiving payment for stories extracted from some far-back numbers of a magazine, sometimes from the very one they are addressing. There are few editors of experience who have not some tales to tell in relation to this subject. One of them had a young poetical contributor to whom he was accustomed to send an occasional guinea or two: his verses were something quite apart from the common, and had a certain old-world flavour. One day a letter arrived in a mourning envelope from the father of the poet returning a cheque that had been sent for the last contribution. "Pray tell me," he wrote, "how much, in all, you have sent to my poor boy, and I will repay you. His verses, he told me, were all extracts from old but little known authors. He is dead." In another case a clergyman advanced in years called to ask the name of a writer who had contributed a series of striking papers to a certain periodical. The editor said it was not usual, without permission, to disclose the name. "But it is so important to me," replied the old gentleman, with great earnestness. "My daughter has formed an acquaintance with a person of whom I do not approve; the influence he has obtained over her is mainly owing to his position—as he has described it to her—in the world of letters. He claims to have written many articles in various magazines—these papers in your periodical among them—but somehow I feel he is deceiving us. If I could prove it, I think my poor daughter's eyes would be opened, and I have no means of doing so save by this personal application." "Well, you may take it from me," said the editor, smiling, "that this possible son-in-law of yours is an impostor; for the articles in question were written by a lady." These are, no doubt, examples of the disadvantages flowing from anonymous publication; there are also others; as, for instance, when somebody says to you, "You did not write that article in the *Elephantine Review*, did you?" and then two minutes after your reply in the negative, expresses his opinion that the article is the dullest and dreariest he has read for years.

If the members of the Thirteen Club think that they are going to kill superstitions they must be of a very sanguine disposition. If any of the partakers of their banquet are so unfortunate as to be hanged within the twelvemonth, I hope the rest of them will conceal the circumstance, or their protest—like that of the ship-builder who, to flout the credulity of his class, laid the keel of his vessel on a Friday, launched it on a Friday, named it "The Friday," and lost it on the very first Friday after she put to sea—will do more harm than good. Moreover, only a very few superstitions, and those not of the most serious nature, are capable of being exploded at a dinner party. In the Lonsborough Collection there was a ring with a toadstone—a

thing popularly believed to be found in the heads of very old toads—which was eagerly coveted by the sovereigns of the fourteenth century, because it perspired and changed colour in the vicinity of poison. No doubt some of the dishes at the feast in question were unwholesome enough, but none of them sufficiently deadly to try the virtues of what Shakspeare calls "this precious jewel." Ben Jonson also speaks of it—

Were you enamoured on his copper ring,
His saffron jewel with the toadstone on it?

Fenton writes of it: "There is to be found in old and great toads a stone they call stelon, which gives warning against venom"; and Lupton, in his "Thousand Notable Things," says that a toadstone or crepandina, "touching any part envenomed, hurt, or stung, causes the pain or swelling thereof to cease."

Still less likely is it that the materials for argument against the popular remedy for whooping cough in children could be found at the Thirteen Dinner, even though ladies were included. Yet at no very distant date it was considered equivalent to a cure of this malady if a married couple answering to the names of Joseph and Mary would but bless the child. These kinds of superstition do not lie in the way of persons who go to dinner parties, and the little weaknesses of those who do are mostly of a private nature. Beau Brummel attributed all the misfortunes of his miserable end to the loss of that crooked sixpence which had gained him the favour of his Prince and established his fashionable reputation; but he spoke of its possession to few, and always with bated breath. I know many men of the world who in moments of confidence have acknowledged the same belief in equally contemptible objects; and, indeed, at every whist-table the favour in which "winning cards" and "winning seats" are held amounts to a fetish. I have also known players (Bernal Osborne was one of them) who have attributed their ill-luck to the mere presence of some individual in the room as seriously as any believer in the evil eye. Even that most sensible of women, Mrs. Sarah Battle, it will be remembered (though she was ashamed of its being known), preferred a particular suit to be trumps.

Some superstitions have been undeniably profitable. Hannah More indignantly writes of her own time: "In vain do we boast of the eighteenth century [one fancies her saying "the so-called" eighteenth century], and talk as if human reason had broken down all the strongholds of superstition, while Mainanduc has got a hundred thousand pounds by animal magnetism in London; while there is a fortune-teller in Westminster making little less; while Lavater's physiognomy books sell at fifteen guineas the set, the divining-rod is still considered oracular, and devils are cast out by seven ministers of religion." It is only this last trade which has become extinct.

Whether an epithet is libellous or not is determined by the law alone. There is a pleasant story of a gentleman rushing into his friend's chambers in Lincoln's Inn, and exclaiming, "Quick, quick! that scoundrel Jones is in Chancery Lane, and I want a list of all the abusive names I can call him without risk of prosecution." There were, fortunately, a good many by which relief, no doubt, was given to his feelings; but "hell cat" was not one of them. It is probably not libellous, but it was not in his legal adviser's vocabulary. In a recent law case, it seems to have puzzled the judge. "As you applied the term to ladies," he said to the witness, "you meant, I suppose, lady cats—not tom cats." "I don't know about that, my lord, but I did not use the term in an offensive sense." This does not seem to have been quite the case, but offence has been taken at this very term where none was intended. It happened at a whist-table at a most respectable club. A player had the misfortune to have every one of his five trumps drawn (like teeth) by his opponent. When the last was extracted, he exclaimed, "What, all my little ones! O Hell-cat, all!" The other was quite angry, and said he had never heard of such a word being applied by one gentleman to another, till he was told it was a quotation from "Macbeth." As a matter of fact, it was a misquotation—the proper word being "kite," not "cat"—but to that retort he was not equal.

The ways of Art—with the large A—are peculiar, and beyond the comprehension of the Philistine. In that exclusive business the author of a work, and not the merit of it, regulates its value. A thing of beauty is not a joy for ever, nor even worth looking at, unless its creator is guaranteed; and a painting, on the other hand, may be ever so hideous and out of perspective, and yet be priceless if it can be proved to be by an "old master." That most delightful of English painters, Constable, has a "manner," it seems, that is easy to be imitated. Some years ago there were two most excellent pictures on view under his name—but not guaranteed—in a well-known auction-room. Nobody denied their attractions, but they had never been engraved, which aroused suspicion. They were protected by a wooden barrier, but on the very day before the sale, a Jew picture-dealer, more enterprising than polite, pushed a dirty thumbnail into the canvas, and exclaimed "S'help me Moses, if the paint ain't wet!" These "admirable examples of the master" were therefore "withdrawn from

competition," and pronounced to be worthless. A law case has just been concluded regarding another alleged Constable, where the same sort of views have been expressed.

One can easily understand that a real Constable is not so valuable as an imitation one, but provided that it is not a copy, and only in his "manner," why should its beauties, which are acknowledged before the mistake is discovered, cease afterwards to charm? In the one case it is valued at 1200 guineas, and in the other at the price of the frame. This seems to the inartistic mind not only unnatural but ludicrous. If a novel should be published which was taken for "the true Dickens"—as good as "Martin Chuzzlewit" and in the master's best manner—but afterwards discovered to be by somebody else, it would not cease to be read and bought, though not, perhaps, to the same extent as before. The value of a book is not settled by the title-page, but by its contents. Why, then, should that of a picture be solely dependent, like a cheque, on the genuineness of its endorsement?

Mr. Howells, the American novelist, has been giving some wise advice as to the choice of books, which is much at variance with the views of the apostles of culture. Unless you naturally take to an author, he thinks you will not get much good out of him, and he honestly confesses that what he has read from liking has done him much more good than what he has read on recommendation. It must be admitted, however, that Mr. Howells appears to be addressing a more intelligent audience than those who have had the "Hundred Best Books" thrown at their heads: the persons who crave to improve their minds are generally in need of improvement, and however much they may acquire in the way of information, will never be taught to think. It is pleasant to find the Bishop of Ripon opposed to this new-fangled cramming system, which is only too popular with men of his cloth (or lawn). "The ambition of merely getting through so many books" he treats with deserved contempt. At the same time, he hardly seems to understand the delight an imaginative reader feels in a book that takes his fancy, but regards it as a subject for study. This is the view of the pedagogue, not of the true lover of literature.

Among the papers found by the executors of the late president of the London Spiritual Alliance there is, I read, one which describes his relations with a mischievous and lying spirit who called himself "Imperator." This spirit had nevertheless something of Ariel in his composition, so far as being "tricksy," not to say "humorous," was concerned. He had the honour (and also evidently the pleasure) of introducing to the president the shade of the late Samuel Wilberforce. This divine's deliverances were even more bald and unsatisfactory than the speeches recorded of departed spirits usually are; but what is not so common, they contained one characteristic observation: "I, Samuel Wilberforce, died; I have come back; I live, the same man, the same spirit; but it is very strange, *I find it difficult to speak.*" It must have been very strange, for while on earth there was no reader speaker. One wonders that "Imperator" did not explain to the president that "spook" is the past tense of "speak," and therefore naturally taciturn. It does not seem to strike the members of the Alliance that though, as I understand, they have exploded the popular ideas of future punishment, they have added another terror to death in discovering that in the other world we shall still meet those pests of society—practical jokers.

An excellent person has recently left us who has nevertheless, it is stated, disappointed expectation in some quarters by not dying nearly so rich as was expected. He explains this in a most satisfactory manner in his will by the fact that during his lifetime he has "always been of opinion that this world's goods should not be devoted to personal enjoyment," and has therefore given half of them to benevolent objects. Those to whom he has, consequently, left less than they might have looked for, he entreats, in his last testament, to "bear in mind that wealth should only be enjoyed within moderate limits." I should like to see an instantaneous photograph of each of his expectant legatees as he reads this (the only) intimation of the testator's views: it would probably be full of expression.

In a journal for young folks there has been a plebiscite concerning the favourite names for boys and girls. It is rather difficult to discover how far euphony affects it, but as Harold and Dorothy are the most popular it would seem that this is an important factor. On the other hand, from the high position of John on the list, personal relations would appear to have a good deal to do with it. The only literary touch about it is that Dick is absent altogether: this is doubtless from the fact that Dick is almost always the bad boy of our juvenile stories. He did not, indeed, put the cat into the well (Tommy did that)—he became Lord Mayor of London through his kindness to cats—but in every other relation of life his conduct is deplorable. Perhaps the misdoings of Richard III.—for our little people know nothing of his having been historically whitewashed—have also had something to do with it. It is rather curious, however, if history has this influence, that no one has a word to say for Alfred; but he may be unpopular among our juveniles for having spoiled the cakes.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

BISMARCK IN BERLIN.

BY CHARLES LOWE.

Verily, wonders will never cease. The fall of Bismarck was a sensation of the very first magnitude, but equally so is his present restoration to the personal favour of the young monarch who dismissed him from power. After all that has passed between previous master and man since first they fell out, it was expected by but few that they would ever again become thoroughly reconciled. But the event has belied the prediction of these pessimists, in spite of all appearances in their favour; and these appearances had only been increased by the ex-Chancellor's coldly guarded reply to the effusive Güns telegram of the Emperor, as well as by the subsequent Bremen speech in praise of his imperial grandfather's merits as the real founder of the new *Reich*, which his Majesty was by many supposed to have delivered under a keen sense of the fancied rebuff to his "first step" in Kissingen. But those who have made a close study of the Emperor's complex character know that it comprises a very large element of impulsiveness, and that the regrettable errors into which this quality might hurry his Majesty, or, indeed, anyone else, have their inevitable counterpart in the virtues which spring from the same warmth and suddenness of feeling. Who does not remember the painful incidents which marked the beginning of the present Emperor's reign, and the domestic harmony which then succeeded to family jars? There is no doubt whatever that his Majesty's heart is, and always has been, in the right place, and certainly he has never done a finer or more felicitous thing than this taking of Bismarck back to his bosom. Not that I would be understood as wishing to imply that the Emperor went to sleep every night with a consciousness of having done his ex-Chancellor a grievous wrong. If such was the case, it was magnanimous of him in a high degree to make the Prince the *amende honorable* in so perfect a manner; but, on the other hand, if the Emperor secretly felt that he had suffered rather than inflicted a wrong, or that, at any rate, the balance of wrongdoing was not on his side, then his message of peace by the hands of Germany's great "battle-thinker's" nephew and namesake redounded infinitely more still to his Majesty's credit. At any rate, we have it on the authority of the official German *Moniteur*—an organ which, unlike Napoleon's mouthpiece of the same name, never tells a lie—that the stretching out of this olive-branch from Berlin to Friedrichsruh was exclusively due to the Emperor's own initiative, and that, consequently, his Ministerial counsellors were as much surprised, and, it may be added, enchanted, with the news as the rest of the world. There may have been calculation in the Emperor's act, but there was much more of what might be called a *coup de cœur*, and it is by such sudden impulses as these that splendid victories are sometimes achieved. For not only has his Majesty now, to all appearances, conquered back the heart of his old Chancellor, he has completed his hold over the hearts of those of his subjects who may have hitherto been dubious or divided in their love, and at the present moment he is the most popular man in his empire.

Political effect of the reconciliation? Is that not enough? What greater political effect did anyone expect? No one short of those who had positively parted with their reasoning powers could have imagined for a moment that Bismarck would ever be reinstalled in office, as well as restored to the personal favour of his lord. But though the reconciliation of the two is a purely personal event, it cannot fail to have political consequences in the abating of certain causes of friction which have hitherto interfered with the smooth working of the imperial machine. It was here, perhaps, that a little calculation with the Emperor came in; but otherwise it was quite intolerable to him the thought that Bismarck might possibly breathe his last without bequeathing his blessing to the monarch who ranked among his very warmest personal admirers on account of all the memorable things which the mighty Chancellor had done for his fathers, and his Fatherland, in his day and generation. Hence the sudden change of scene that was beheld by the Berliners on the day before their Kaiser's thirty-fifth birthday and military jubilee—a scene the like of which had not been witnessed, even in that city of historic pageants, since Bismarck, nearly four years ago, underwent what he himself called the hideous mockery of a "first-class funeral." Then, too, a squadron of Cuirassiers escorted him to the station, from which, a year later still, his confined compeer, Moltke, made his final exit from the scene. Yet the Kaiser did not then accompany his departing Chancellor as he sorrowfully followed the body of his great Field-Marshal. But time, which heals so many wounds, also brings round some most amazing changes; and on the Friday of last week, Bismarck, having been escorted from the station by the Emperor's brother, and accompanied back to it by the Emperor himself, all melting kindness and kisses, formed the central figure in a Court pageant of the heart not less overflowing and significant than that which greeted the young Emperor's first sovereign visitor in the person of his ally, the King of Italy. And from the domestic point of view this new alliance of the passive and personal kind between Bismarck and his Emperor will advantage Germany every bit as much in its way as the alliance between the Emperor and his sovereign confederates at Vienna and Rome.

THE NEW DEANS.

Mr. Gladstone's good fortune in the matter of ecclesiastical preferment enabled him to give away two deaneries in one week. The more lucrative appointment, that of Lincoln, has gone to the Rev. Edward Charles Wickham, until recently Head Master of Wellington College. The new Dean graduated at Oxford with much distinction in 1857, for though his First in Classical "Mods." was only succeeded by a Second in "Greats," he took the Latin Verse Prize and the Latin Essay. His life has been divided between the activities of a New College Don and those proper to the head of a great public school. It was while at Oxford that Mr. Wickham published his edition of Horace. As a schoolmaster, he issued the customary volume of sermons, and a little while ago he came down to "Notes and Questions on the Catechism." Mr. Wickham is a son-in-law of Mr. Gladstone, but it is too usual to reward head masters with deaneries for the relationship to be the subject of much comment.

The Rev. Charles William Stubbs, Rector of Wavertree, Liverpool, whom Mr. Gladstone has appointed to the Deanery of Ely, is in many respects a remarkable man. He has given great attention to social questions and economics, and he has all phases of the labour problem at his fingers' ends. In Churchmanship he is of distinctly Broad tendencies, although his early training was under Evangelical influence. The Dean-designate did very well at Cambridge, where he was an Exhibitor of Sidney Sussex College and Le Bas University Prizeman. He took his degree as Junior Optime in 1868, the year that Mr. Moulton, Q.C., was Senior Wrangler, and the Astronomer Royal fourth Wrangler. He was Select Preacher before his University in 1881, and two years later a similar honour was conferred upon him at Oxford. Mr. Stubbs held his first curacy at Sheffield, where he found himself face to face with some of the most trying phases of the labour question. After three years' work, however, there, he went to Granborough, in Bucks, where he acquired a knowledge of agrarian matters which has served him in good stead on many occasions. It was during his

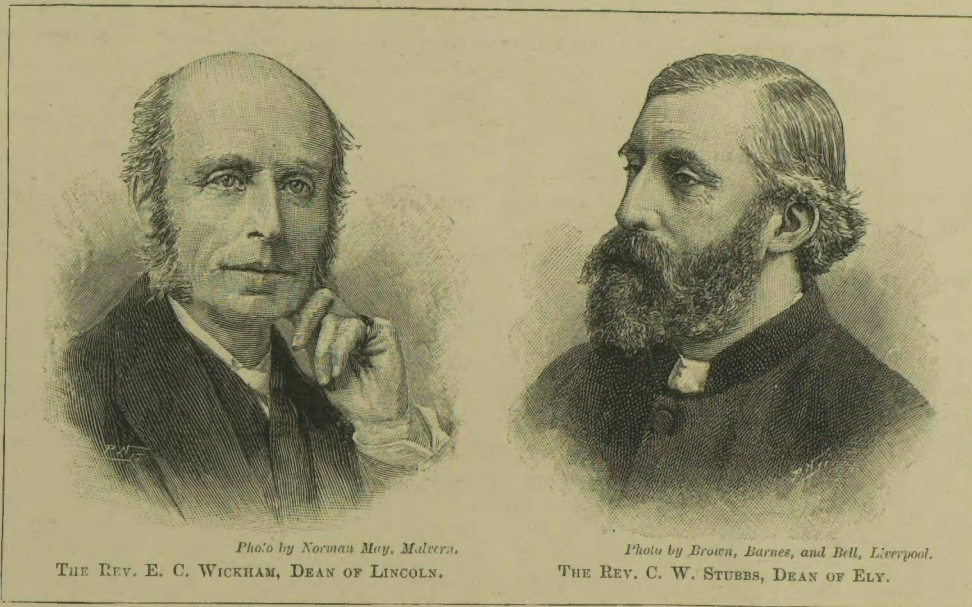


Photo by Norman May, Malvern.
THE REV. E. C. WICKHAM, DEAN OF LINCOLN.

Photo by Brown, Barnes, and Bell, Liverpool.
THE REV. C. W. STUBBS, DEAN OF ELY.

THE NEW DEANS.

thirteen years' ministry among the agricultural labourers at Granborough that he wrote and published a volume of memorable sermons and addresses on "Village Politics." His subsequent publications, of which there are many, have dealt for the most part with democratic questions affecting either town or country life, his latest volume being "For Christ and City," which appeared in 1890, soon after he went to Wavertree. But before his appointment to a Liverpool parish he held for a short time the living of Stokenham, in Devonshire, to which he was presented by Mr. Gladstone. The Rectory of Wavertree was conferred upon him by the Vicar of Childwell, who is believed to be a Conservative, so that Mr. Stubbs, in spite of his opinions, has friends among both political parties. Indeed, personally, he is immensely popular, and it may be safely predicted that he will win his way at Ely. He is a Christian Socialist and a member of the Liberal Churchmen's Union.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Lord Salisbury's speech in the House of Lords on the second reading of the Parish Councils Bill was eminently characteristic of his method and of his personal control over the assembly of which he is the chief ornament. The oratorical manner of the Conservative chief is not attractive. He stands at the table in an attitude which is rarely varied; he has no gesture, and his intonation, except in the satiric "asides," which are so much relished, is rather monotonous; but there is a strong suggestion of power in the deep voice and the decisive articulation. Lord Salisbury is one of the very few peers who are articulate. The gilded chamber in which their Lordships sit is very picturesque but very ill adapted for speaking. Lord Rosebery is easily heard. So is the Duke of Argyll; but they, like Lord Salisbury, belong to the first rank of Parliamentary orators. The Duke of Devonshire is also audible, save when his voice goes rumbling in the foundations of the building. But most of the hereditary legislators who address the House might as well be dumb for all the interest their speeches excite among the visitors in the galleries.

The debate in the Lords on the amendments to the Employers' Liability Bill was not exciting. In Committee their Lordships comport themselves with great propriety, not to say dullness. There were, however, a few amusing

incidents. Unlike the Commons, the Lords have no rules of procedure. The Earl of Morley, who sat on the Wool-sack in the absence of the Lord Chancellor, had none of the responsibilities of a chairman. When it was suggested that instead of "insisting" on their amendments, which, as a matter of fact, they proposed to amend, it would be a more reasonable course to postpone the "insisting" to the end of the proceedings, this novel difficulty threw the hereditary Assembly quite off its balance. Some said one thing and some another, and when all the authorities had agreed that the Lords should keep their "insisting" till they knew what they were going to "insist" upon, they nevertheless determined by a large majority to "insist" straight off. This remarkable muddle was watched by some members of the House of Commons with ill-concealed glee. They evidently felt themselves avenged for the slurs which the Peers are constantly throwing on the procedure of the lower House. The rest of the entertainment was chiefly supplied by Lord Dudley, who was always popping up, and being gently suppressed by Lord Salisbury. It was not the youthful nobleman's fault that he did not know by instinct the right moment for explaining his views to an assembly which indulges in chaos and calls it procedure. However, the Lords knew what they were about in regard to the substance of their amendments, and their resolute adherence to the principle of "contracting out" has probably sealed the fate of Mr. Asquith's Bill.

ALBERT MOORE AT THE GRAFTON GALLERY.

The committee of the Grafton Gallery have been well advised to cultivate "modernity," and to stand as far aloof as compatible with good taste and breeding from the beaten tracks of other exhibitions. The gathering together of the works of the late Albert Moore was at once a bold experiment and a backhanded blow at the venerable body which had declined to admit that artist among its members. It must have been a surprise, however, even to Mr. Albert Moore's warmest admirers to find how well his pictures bore juxtaposition. The sense of repetition of idea and treatment is in no way obtruded, and, strange as it may seem, it is the painter's variety which at first sight strikes the eye. Closer inspection will, of course, bring out the laws Albert Moore had laid down for himself and his art; but in the hands of the law-maker they seem to have permitted the play of a delicate fancy as well as of a changeable ideal. It might be interesting to learn what first induced him to enrol himself among the Neo-classicists, from whom, however, he soon separated in order to place his work among that which aimed at purely decorative effect. His earliest picture, "Elijah's Sacrifice" (181), might well have been a competition work for the Academy gold medal; and in "The Shunamite Woman" (172) and "David and Jonathan" (180) there is like evidence of his readiness to follow an Academic lead. It would be difficult to say whether "The Marble Seat" (184) or "The Quartette" (188) can claim priority in point of date. Both belong to about the same period, 1864-65, and

both show the dawn of that style in which the artist was to persevere until he attained the limits of his powers, which are perhaps best shown in the three pictures hung side by side—"Topaz" (154), "Venus" (156), and "A Summer Night" (155), an arrangement of four girls in orange drapery resting in a loggia overlooking a blue lagoon. This picture, which was happily purchased by the Liverpool Corporation, shows Mr. Moore in the plenitude of his powers, and enables us to measure at once the limitations of his art. In his last-finished picture, "The Loves of the Winds and the Seasons" (195), the simplicity of composition which characterised his earlier work is wanting. There is a sense of striving after allegorical effect, and at the same time an inability to keep clearly in view one central and dominant idea. The Seasons, the Winds, and the Lovers are all forcing themselves upon our notice with equal insistence. Notwithstanding this tendency, and in view of the hundred pictures and sketches here brought together, which illustrate the thirty years over which Albert Moore's life as a painter extended, posterity will assign him a high place among his contemporaries. Albert Moore was not altogether a classicist, but he approached nearer to the ideal of that school than any of his fellow-painters; and for this, if for no other reason, his exclusion from the Academy will be a lasting reproach to that body.

We are indebted to Mr. Hollyer, of Pembroke Square, for photographs of the following pictures appearing in our Grafton Gallery Supplement—namely, "Sea-Gulls," "Shells," "Shuttlecock," "Battledore," and "The Quartette"; and to Mr. J. Russell, of 17, Baker Street, for all of the remaining pictures.

"CONSTANTINOPLE IN LONDON"

Mr. Bolossy Kiralfy is gradually enlarging the already stupendous pageant at Olympia, and the insatiable sight-seer who noticed that the original programme had not been entirely carried out must be partially mollified to find that the carnival on the Golden Horn is now added to the show. It is difficult to carry in one's head the varied impressions of the whole spectacle. Our picture is one of the details, a single glimpse, as it were, of a bewildering variety of form and colour. Nothing is so striking in the immensity of this entertainment as the admirable taste which distinguishes every design, and makes the Olympian Constantinople the greatest achievement of its kind that has ever been seen.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF
GEORGES BIZET.

The inevitable result of mentioning "Carmen" to half the people one knows is an immediate "rum-ti-tiddle-um, rum-ti-tum" on the descending chromatic scale of D minor (or some other minor). Their intention is a good one, for they mean to establish thereby a sympathy based on a mutual knowledge of the work. For them "Carmen" consists in the main of its Habanera. This was always a sore point with poor Bizet. And I do believe that were it not for "Carmen" and its Habanera Georges Bizet would be speedily forgotten in this country. Even by those who understand, I cannot persuade myself that full justice has been done to his immortal setting of Mérimée's story. Assuredly, it has never been critically overvalued here, though it remains, and for long will remain, a safe card for any manager to play. Granted it has received a vast amount of attention from artists, that attention has invariably assumed the guise of what is termed a "new reading" of the title-rôle. In fact, without possessing, or saying she possesses, a new reading of the part, no artist would nowadays be rash enough to attempt

In editing the present collection of letters, M. Imbert has done the very best thing he could have done: he has left them intact, and contented himself with small explanatory foot-notes where such have been necessary. There is no attempt at a "life." And it is astonishing what a tale short notes like these can tell if left alone to tell it. One gets from them a far greater insight, not only into the man, but into the artist, than is possible from the most microscopic monograph.

Those to Guiraud are nothing more than divine "chit-chat." But there is a charming incongruity and shuffling of events, a whole-heartedness—and a kindly satire, too, at times—which teach us to know the man as he really was. Artistically—that is, musically—speaking, there is ever a steadfastness of purpose and immutability of vision which are in no way discordant with the eclecticism that is equally manifest. The letters to Lacombe are at the commencement those of the artist; gradually they become those from master to pupil; finally they are those from friend to friend. Here is an extract from an early letter to Lacombe: "I am above all eclectic. I have lived three years in Italy, and, although I am in no way at one with the musical taste of the people, I

He is quite mad. His last compositions are perfectly heartrending. To the devil with this *musique-catholique* of his."

For his estimate of Offenbach, witness the following to Lacombe: "Thank goodness you are working hard; it is imperative that we redouble our energies to struggle against the ubiquity of this infernal Offenbach. The animal, not content with having his 'Roi Carotte' at the Gaité, must now inflict us with 'Fantasio' at the Comique."

All through the letters there is to be found, side by side with his adoration of Beethoven, a tendency to avoid all mention of Richard Wagner. When he does speak of him it is invariably to disparage him. For example, in 1868 (the year of the production of "Die Meistersinger" in Munich) he says to Lacombe: . . . "I am quite of your opinion as regards this new score of Wagner's. He has genius, assuredly. But what a *poseur*, what a humbug, the man is! He has published in the *Guide Musical* of Brussels some articles which I would like to throw at his head. According to him, 'Faust' of Gounod is music for *cocottes*. 'Prussia,' says he, 'is destined to destroy France politically. Bavaria and its Prince are to blot us out intellectually. Pshaw! he amuses me vastly, this fellow, until



PRINCE BISMARCK LEAVING BERLIN AFTER HIS VISIT TO THE GERMAN EMPEROR, JAN. 26.

See "Our Illustrations."

a portrayal of the bewitching *cigarière*. As for Michaela, Messrs. Meilhac and Halévy have to bear the burden of creating a part which has become nothing more nor less than a *point d'appui* for the budding soprano.

Poor Georges Bizet—for it is as Georges we know him, despite his baptismal Alexandre César Léopold—has been left comparatively alone in this country by critics and chroniclers. True, he is a Frenchman, and we do not affect Frenchmen musically; but even so one would think that the composer of "L'Arlésienne" would have merited a greater attention from those in this country by whom it is his due. In France he has been duly honoured—posthumously. We have had M. C. Pigot's "Biography," M. Galabert's "Souvenirs," M. Louis Gallet's "Notes d'un Librettiste," and M. Camille Bellaigue's "Georges Bizet," each of them worthy after its kind. But no one of them is what we can call intimate. Now, M. Hugues Imbert has unearthed some intensely interesting and intimate correspondence of the late master, which, by the courtesy of his publisher, is now before me. This correspondence consists of twenty-two letters to Paul Lacombe, for many years Bizet's pupil, and nineteen to his *confère*, the late Ernest Guiraud. Guiraud, I know, had it in his mind to write a memoir of his friend, and of all men he was the most suitable to do it. But it was not to be.

confess that I am to some extent in sympathy with a few of their composers. I will go even further, and say that their music appeals strongly to all that there is of the sensual within me; and, although I am German to the backbone in my musical convictions, I confess I love to let myself go like this sometimes; indeed, I positively revel in it. But, of course, one loves this Italian music as one does a courtesan, and, like her, it must be, before all else, charming. . . . With you I place Beethoven above all. The Choral Symphony is for me the culminating point of our art. Neither Mozart with his perfection of form, nor Weber with his colossal power and originality, nor Meyerbeer with his tremendous dramatic genius—neither of these can to my mind contest the palm with this Titan, this Prometheus of Music."

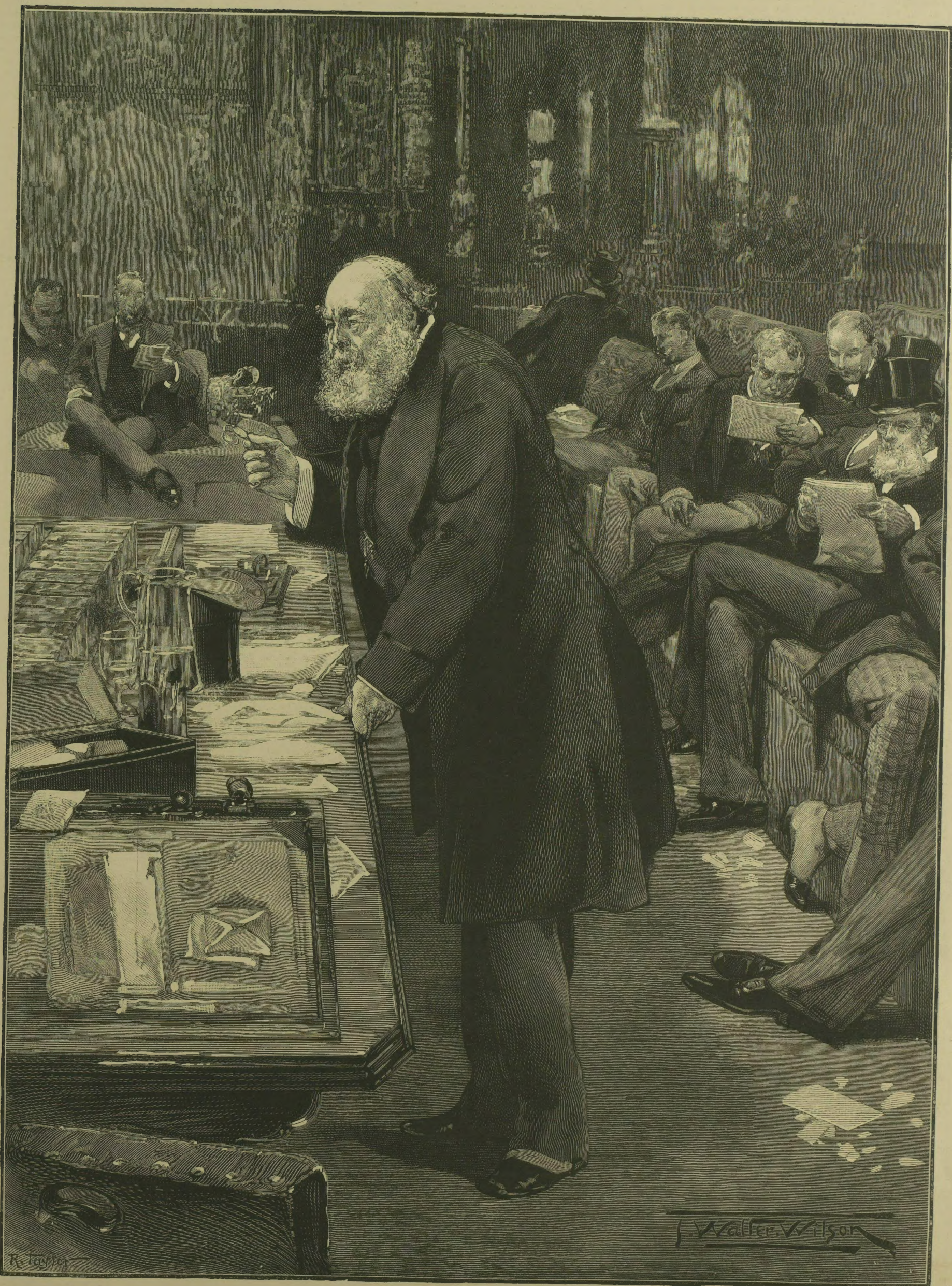
In the same letter he speaks of Rossini. "'William Tell,'" he says, "that is his sun; 'Comte Ory,' the 'Barbier,' and one act of 'Othello' his satellites. For their sakes we must pardon him 'Semiramide' and such like horrible perpetrations."

So much for his partiality to certain phases of Italian music. For proof of his love for the land itself, we have but to read a letter or two further on: "What will you say when you have seen Rome and Naples? What a country! To live in Italy even without music is a dream." Then he goes on: "Gounod is leaving Rome to take holy orders.

he disgusts me—he, who in '47 accepted 150,000 marks from the King of Saxony to mount one of his operas, and in the next year was the first to turn round and attack him. *Assez*."

Yet, *farouche wagnerien* was the epithet his critics were never tired of hurling at him. As a matter of fact, Bizet knew but little of the works of Wagner. True, he had assisted at the representation of "Rienzi" at the Théâtre Lyrique, and to his friend Galabert he described it as a work "*étonnante, vivant prodigieusement, un souffle olympien*." But of the "Nibelungen" or of "Tristan" he knew nothing; so that the charge of Wagnerism seems to have had for its sole *raison d'être* his avowed hatred for the school of what he termed "*flonflons, roulades, et des mensonges*."

Of all his virtues as an artist, and he had many, undoubtedly the greatest were his innate instinct for musical characterisation and his never-failing sense of dramatic propriety. His marvellous harmonic resource and his power of imparting just the right local colour to his work were, perhaps, only second to them. His life was unutterably sad, and that he should have been cut off but twelve short weeks after he had given "Carmen" to the world was only too consistent with that ill-fortune that had always dogged him. Of his value as a man I have heard those speak who knew him. After them, nothing can so fully reveal him to us as these letters. CHARLES WILLEBY.



LORD SALISBURY ON THE PARISH COUNCILS BILL IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, JAN. 25.

"I do think that the institution of these parish councils will, on the whole, be an advantage, and certainly will be no injury."

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, was visited by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany on Saturday, Jan. 27. The Queen and the royal family, on Jan. 25, and again on Jan. 27, were entertained by amateur performances of the late Mr. Tom Taylor's comedy "Helping Hands," in the Indian Room of Osborne House. In the first evening's performance her Royal Highness Princess Louise played the part of Mrs. Booty. Among the other performers were the Earl of Dartmouth, the Hon. Alec Yorke, the Hon. Mary Hughes, Miss M. Ponsonby, Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Collins, and Mr. H. Share, R.N. The Empress Frederick was expected to arrive on Feb. 2, to visit the Queen.

The Prince of Wales left London for Sandringham on Saturday, Jan. 27. His Royal Highness and the Princess of Wales have been entertaining Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, General Sir Redvers Buller, and General Sir Evelyn Wood as their guests at Sandringham. Their Royal Highnesses have since returned to London.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and Princess Henry of Battenberg, on Jan. 30, attended at Portsmouth the meeting of the Association for Nursing the Sick Poor.

Lord Shand, the Right Hon. Alexander Burns Shand, a Scotch Lord of Session, has been appointed by the Speaker of the House of Commons, under the arrangement made at the conference of representatives of the coal-owners and the

School Management Committee on the subject of religious education, and moved that the Board adhere to the scheme of Biblical and religious teaching settled by the first Board, with the substitution of "the Christian religion and morality" for "morality and religion." The Rev. E. Schnadhorst moved the previous question, but the amendment was rejected by twenty-eight to seventeen votes, and the resolution was agreed to without a division.

General Lord Roberts, on Jan. 36, was presented with the freedom of the borough of Cardiff, and spoke of the necessity of keeping up the Army and Navy.

The Court of Appeal, on Monday, Jan. 29, reversed the judgment by which the Divisional Court, Mr. Justice Mathew and Mr. Justice Collins, had granted to Mr. Alfred J. Monson an injunction forbidding the Madame Tussaud Company and M. Louis Tussaud to exhibit a waxen portrait-model of his person, in connection with "the Ardlamont mystery," since his trial for murder. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Halsbury, considered that this exhibition was defamatory, and would require, as much as a libellous writing, to be justified not only upon the ground of its truth in fact, but of a moral or legal duty to make it public. But, as new evidence was now adduced to prove that Mr. Monson gave an express or implied consent to the exhibition, the injunction must be annulled. Lord Justice Lopes was not certain that the exhibition should be considered libellous, any more than putting Mr. Monson's portrait in an illustrated newspaper; for the jury in the

Majesty to tender their congratulations. His Majesty's appearance in the streets was enthusiastically greeted.

On Friday morning, Jan. 26, Prince Bismarck left Friedrichsruh to visit the Emperor at Berlin. There were great popular demonstrations on his arrival in the capital. He was received at the railway-station by Prince Henry, the Emperor's brother, and a number of official personages. He rode in a State carriage through an immense crowd of cheering spectators up to the Unter den Linden, which was profusely decorated, to the Royal Palace. Here he was met by the Emperor, who welcomed and embraced him heartily. He afterwards lunched with the Emperor and Empress. The Emperor nominated him chief of the 7th Regiment of Cuirassiers, and in the evening the Prince entertained a deputation of the regiment at dinner. Manifestations of delight at the reconciliation between the Emperor and the great statesman continued throughout the day. In the evening the Emperor accompanied the Prince to the railway-station and bade him farewell on his departure for Friedrichsruh.

The French Chamber of Deputies had a stormy sitting on Saturday, Jan. 27, when M. Clovis Hugues attacked the Government in an elaborate speech of sarcastic censure for their police measures against the Anarchist conspirators. M. Raynal, on behalf of the Ministry, replied successfully, but the subsequent debate was interrupted by cries of "Vive la Commune!" The President, M. Dupuy, forbade this cry, but a M. Thivrier, a member of the Chamber who insists on wearing the blue blouse of an artisan in that assembly, defied the authority of the chair. It was resolved that M. Thivrier, being so noisy and disorderly, should be suspended for two months; he refused to leave his seat, and the soldiers of the guard had to be called in, upon which he yielded to force. A vote of 382 against 58 passed a resolution expressing confidence in the Government. The execution of Vaillant, the Anarchist who threw the dynamite bomb into the Chamber, was to take place on Jan. 31.

The Emperor Alexander III. of Russia has been seriously ill with influenza, or with catarrh of the bronchial tubes, and inflammation of the right lung, since Saturday, Jan. 27, but his Majesty's condition is somewhat improving.

In Spain another outrage has been perpetrated by the Anarchists; the Civil Governor of Barcelona has been shot at and slightly wounded in the face.—The Sultan of Morocco has consented to pay an indemnity of £1,200,000 for the costs of the Spanish expedition to protect Melilla against the Riff mountaineers.

Princess Ferdinand of Bulgaria, on Jan. 30, at Sofia, was safely delivered of a son and heir to the Principality of that promising Balkan State, to the

great satisfaction of its people. Two men named Ivanoff, brothers, have been convicted of a conspiracy to murder Prince Ferdinand, and sentenced to terms of imprisonment.

The Khedive of Egypt has made some amends for his disparaging remarks at Assouan on the condition of his Soudanese troops, drilled and commanded by English officers, by now publishing an order of the day in which he expresses general satisfaction with them.

On Saturday, July 27, at Calcutta, the new Viceroy of India, the Earl of Elgin, with his staff, was received by the Supreme Council, at Government House, and assumed office after the reading of her Majesty's commission. A royal salute was fired by the guns of Fort William. The retiring Viceroy, the Marquis of Lansdowne, with Lady Lansdowne, on leaving Government House, was accompanied by Lord Elgin to Prinsep's Ghaut, with an escort of troops, and embarked on board the troop-ship Warren Hastings, for their return to England, amid the hearty cheers of all classes of the people.

The Brazilian civil war seems approaching a crisis. There is a strong rumour, not yet certainly confirmed, that Admiral da Gama, commanding the insurgent fleet at Rio de Janeiro, decided on Saturday, Jan. 27, to resign, having got into conflict with the United States naval commander, Admiral Benham. Some American vessels were fired at by the Guanahara, one of the ships of the Brazilian insurgents, and the American cruiser Detroit returned the fire; no damage was done. On the other hand, the insurgents have been fighting with some success at Nictheroy, on the shore of the harbour, and other battles on land were expected.



THE FRENCH FLEET IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

A Snapshot Photograph off Cannes.

Miners' Federation, presided over by Lord Rosebery, to be the chairman of the newly established Board of Conciliation for disputes in the working of coal-mines.

The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., at the annual dinner of the Birmingham jewellers and silversmiths, referred to the present industrial depression, maintaining that the only course was to urge the Government to lose no opportunity of finding fresh markets and developing old ones, and to maintain the strength of the Navy for guarding British commerce.

Political speeches were delivered on Jan. 24 by Sir William Harcourt, at Derby; by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, at Manchester; by the Right Hon. H. Chaplin, at Paddington; and in Ireland by the Marquis of Londonderry, to a large meeting of Unionists at Portadown. Mr. Chamberlain, on Jan. 29, addressed a meeting at Stourbridge, Worcestershire. On Friday, Jan. 26, a meeting of peers was held at Lord Salisbury's house in Arlington Street, to consider the Employers' Liability and Parish Councils Bills. Lord Salisbury held that in the Employers' Liability Bill their Lordships should adhere in principle to Lord Dudley's amendment in reference to "contracting out." As to the Parish Councils Bill, Lord Salisbury advocated the amendment of the Poor Law clauses, and of the clause dealing with the compulsory taking of land, and consideration of the question of the compound householder. Lord Salisbury's suggestions were generally approved. On Jan. 29 there was a meeting of Liberal Unionist peers, over which the Duke of Devonshire presided.

At the meeting of the London School Board, on Jan. 25, Canon Bristow brought up the report of the

action for libel now pending might think, not unreasonably, that any discredit to him resulted from his having been tried for murder, and not from the exhibition of his figure. Mr. Monson had been writing a pamphlet and announcing himself as a lecturer on the subject! Lord Justice Davey would express no opinion of what the verdict of a jury might be, or whether the exhibition was libellous, but concurred in setting aside the injunction, as the whole case would come before the jury. Costs were allowed to the plaintiff, Mr. Monson.

A Glasgow sailing-vessel of 2175 tons, the Port Yarrock, laden with copper ore from South California, was wrecked on Sunday, Jan. 28, in Brandon Bay, near Tralee, in the west of Ireland, having been anchored there during three days, but losing her anchorage in a violent north-westerly gale. She had been contending with bad weather and beating about the Irish coast for three weeks before, having lost most of her sails. The crew, numbering twenty-five, with the master, Captain Forbes, of Aberdeen, were all drowned. Several wrecks, with some loss of life, have taken place on the north coast of Cornwall, and at St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover.

At a meeting held on Jan. 26, at the rooms of the Society of Arts, Adelphi, it was resolved to constitute an Association of Technical Institutions. Rules and a formal statement of objects were drawn up, and a Parliamentary committee, council, and officers for the ensuing year were elected.

The German Emperor William's thirty-fifth birthday was celebrated on Saturday, Jan. 27, with public festivities at Berlin. The principal officers of State waited upon his

PERSONAL.

The political service of the British Empire has lost an able man by the untimely death, in London, on Thursday,



Photo by Irmey and Heyman, Cairo.
THE LATE SIR GERALD PORTAL.

Jan. 25, of Sir Gerald Herbert Portal, C.B., K. C. M. G., late Special Commissioner in Uganda, and Consul-General at Zanzibar. He was but thirty-six years of age. In 1887 Mr. Gerald Portal was sent on a special mission to King John of Abyssinia, to promote negotiations for peace between that sovereign and Italy. Some incidents of his travels are related by him in an interesting book. His mission last year to settle the affairs of Uganda is fresh in public remembrance, and has undoubtedly produced beneficial results. The fatigues of the long journey, and the unwholesome climate, unhappily proved fatal to one of his brothers, who accompanied Sir Gerald Portal, and caused permanent injury to his own health. It appears to have been a return of African malarial fever, with a chill recently suffered in this English winter, that has caused his death, now so much regretted. A funeral service was performed in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, on Monday, Jan. 27, attended by many friends; and special tokens of mourning were displayed at Cairo and at Zanzibar.

The Jacobites performed their customary rites on the eve of the anniversary of King Charles the First's execution. They held a service at St. Margaret Pattens, in the City, and they afterwards proceeded to the statue of King Charles at Whitehall. A policeman, much puzzled by the appearance of solemn persons armed with wreaths, and not succeeding in identifying these with dynamite, took down the names of the company in his pocket-book. He was the official representative of the Hanoverian usurpation, but the Jacobites did not taunt him with this fact, which he would not have understood in the least. There is a great deal of superfluous energy in the world, or so much would not be dissipated in this prank of commemorating the death of Charles I. If a good many by-gones which haunt the practical world like this were allowed to rest quietly in their graves, some emotional persons might devote themselves to the really pressing affairs of their own day. To be a Jacobite now is merely to confess that you are at your wits' end for an occupation.

The Roman Cardinals have apparently decided on the beatification of Joan of Arc, though it was said some time ago that they had been dissuaded by the argument that Joan was a patriot and not a saint. If she is admitted to the sacred calendar after all, the Maid of Orleans will hold a unique position among the holy women who have been elevated to the same dignity. She was a martyr it is true, but she was martyred as a witch in the name of religion by ecclesiastical authorities of unquestionable sanctity in their own day. Nobody in the Catholic Church regarded Joan as a saint when she perished in the market-place of Rouen. She was murdered by senseless bigots, who called themselves Christians, and that is certainly a novel qualification for the society of the saints who were martyred by the heathen. The irony of the situation is not perceptible to the Roman Cardinals; but we hope that no prejudice will be excited against Joan in the non-Catholic world on account of her beatification. She remains one of the most splendid figures in history, and one of the highest exemplars of a noble and stainless womanhood.

The influential and intelligent Parsee community of Bombay possesses not only men distinguished for commercial

ability, wealth, and beneficence, whose acts of liberality we often record, but also literary scholars, authors, and poets, highly esteemed by students of Oriental languages. Mr. Muncherji C. Munsookh, whose portrait has been sent us by his fellow-citizen, Dr. K. R. Viccaji, is sixty-five years of age,

Kings, in 60,000 Pehlevi verses. Muncherji Munsookh, moreover, is also well acquainted with modern European literature; he has translated many of the German songs of the Rhine, and wrote an ode upon the death of our Prince Consort, for which he was thanked by Queen Victoria and by the Empress Frederick of Germany. He has been a very useful citizen, taking part in many works of local improvement and of social reform in Bombay.

The reconciliation of the Emperor William and Prince Bismarck has given immense satisfaction in Germany, and must be deeply gratifying to the ex-Chancellor. This is, perhaps, the one unquestionably politic act of the Emperor William's reign. During the four years in which he has carried on the personal administration of every department of the German Government, finding leisure even to invent dances for the Court balls, the Emperor has had to endure some sharp and not at all kindly criticism from the fallen Minister. The warmest admirers of Prince Bismarck cannot say that his dignity has not suffered in this campaign. He has shown his resentment in many strangely petty ways. But all that is now forgotten in the happy incident due to the Emperor's graceful initiative. There is no chance that the old Chancellor will ever resume the reins of power, but the distinguished compliment paid to him by his Sovereign marks the end of a lamentable quarrel.

The birth of the royal Bulgarian baby is an important event in European politics. It cannot be expected to excite much enthusiasm at St. Petersburg, where the dynasty of Prince Ferdinand is regarded with a malevolent eye; but it will undoubtedly strengthen the Prince's hold on the Bulgarian throne, and the attachment of his people to his family. In Serbia, on the other hand, everything points to increasing difficulties for King Alexander, who has been compelled to call in his father, the ex-King Milan, as guide, philosopher, and friend.

The death of Canon Rowsell at the age of seventy-eight has elicited some striking particulars of the longevity of his family. He was one of nineteen children, of whom fourteen lived to great ages. The youngest was sixty-seven, and there are three still alive, aged eighty-nine, seventy-nine, and seventy-five respectively. Their descendants already number a hundred and forty-nine. The blessing (sometimes rather dubious) of having a quiver full has rarely been more conspicuously exemplified.

Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson, well known in the United States by her charming stories, died suddenly at

Venice on Jan. 25. She was the niece of Fenimore Cooper, and was born at Claremont, State of New Hampshire in 1848. In 1875 her first work, "Castle No. where," was published, and five years later the reputation gained by it was increased by "Rodman the Keeper." The tales collected under this title were analytically careful, and gave a truthful picture of what that acute critic, Henry James, calls "the voicelessness of the conquered and reconstructed South." Next came her story, "Anne," in 1882, which has much introspective skill, but less of the sustained power which made "East Angels" so delightful. Another book which obtained success was "For the Major," a remarkable study of a woman's concealment of her age. Miss Woolson seemed to enjoy portraying clergymen as much as Anthony Trollope, and she certainly made her characters live. Her best plot was contained in "East Angels," and in this story she rose to the highest level of pathos. Her reputation was so recent that our regret at her death is the greater, for Miss Woolson had advanced far enough on the literary road to make her progress conspicuously interesting. Her most recent book was "Horace Chase," published last year. She had resided on the Continent for the last fifteen years, and her tragic end occurred in the Italy she loved so well. We have had to thank American women for a revival of interest in the simple annals of commonplace folk. Miss Woolson was a prominent member of the literary group, including Sarah Orne Jewett and Mary E. Wilkins, who prefer the lamp-lighted cottage to the fashionable mansion "fitted with electricity throughout." She tuned her lyre to the babbling village brook rather than to the swift-rushing river.

Mr. Pinero has caused some commotion among the dramatic critics by his declaration to the Playgoers' Club that art cannot live except in an atmosphere of praise. By praise Mr. Pinero was careful to explain that he did not mean mere appreciation. To appreciate is to discriminate; to discriminate is to point out faults; and apparently Mr. Pinero holds that as the artist is quite well aware of his own shortcomings, the critic ought to tell him only of his merits. Mr. Pinero is himself an artist of very rare quality, and he probably knows the weak places in his work better than any critic; but he must also know that this perception is not common in the atmosphere of the stage. The belief of actors in poor plays, simply because they are enamoured of their own parts, is proverbially stupendous. A system of indiscriminate praise would simply minister to this failing. As it is, modern criticism errs rather on the side of kindness than on that of censure, and sheer detraction of the ill-natured type is rarely seen.

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THE LATE MISS CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

MUSIC.

The Imperial Institute is turning its attention to music with an amount of seriousness and energy that is positively refreshing. It began the winter season by giving some concerts of the ballad sort, but the discovery would appear to have been made that the entertainments in question were hardly compatible with the higher aims supposed to be associated with the Institute generally. Anyhow, something better has been tried. The Royal College of Music has given an orchestral concert in the temporary Great Hall, under the direction of Professor Villiers Stanford, and the Royal Academy of Music has promised to follow suit. The spirit of eclecticism herein displayed is indisputable. The only question is whether purely classical programmes do not go too far in the other direction, and provide the Fellows and their friends with more than they are really capable of appreciating. Certainly, the audience at the Royal College concert kept up a running fire of conversation all through the Dvorák symphony, and trooped in and out of the open doors from beginning to end of the evening. After all, though, these particular concerts were only intended to fill in the interval that had to elapse whilst Mr. Randegger was forming his Imperial Institute orchestra and choir. Henceforward, the musical work will exclusively be carried on by these two amateur bodies, which it may be presumed will not be tied down to a too classical regimen. Indeed, if Mr. Randegger knows his business as well as we give him credit for doing, the Fellows have every reason for looking forward to a "good time" (in a musical sense); while the executive council will have the satisfaction of knowing that it has gone about this latest branch of its enterprise in a manner that could not have been surpassed either for economy or effectiveness.

The Bach Choir has been the first of our leading musical societies to take up its quarters at the Queen's Hall. It gave its opening concert of the season there on Jan. 23, when the scheme consisted of a Mass in G by the society's conductor, Professor Stanford, and the Grail scene from the first act of "Parsifal." As a whole, perhaps, the new Mass created a deeper impression upon those who heard it at the Brompton Oratory last May than upon the critical audience assembled on the occasion under notice. It is essentially one of those religious works—severe and formal in character, and ecclesiastical in feeling—that is heard to best advantage in a place of worship—that is to say, in connection with the sacred office which it was designed to accompany. As it was, the fugal choruses of the "Gloria" and "Credo," and the solemn passages in the "Sanctus," sung with notable correctness and spirit, created most effect, and deservedly won most applause. The solo portions of the Mass, which are only of secondary importance, were ably rendered by Miss Esther Palliser, Miss Marie Brema, Mr. Shakespeare, and Mr. Norman Salmond. The two artists last named, in addition to Mr. David Bispham, also sang the solos in the "Parsifal" excerpt, which was very finely sung—much more finely indeed than when the Bach Choir gave this same scene at St. James's Hall in December 1891.

The name of Dr. A. C. Mackenzie figured twice in the programme of the Monday "Pop" of Jan. 29, both items being new to frequenters of these concerts. The "Three Sonnets," Op. 50, were now sung in public for the first time, their interpreter being Mr. Arthur Oswald, the excellent artist to whom they are dedicated. One cannot but admire the loftiness of purpose that reveals itself in these songs, yet it cannot be said that Dr. Mackenzie has altogether succeeded in overcoming the difficulties presented by the sonnet form—above all, the Shaksperian. The other piece from the same pen was the "Highland Ballad" for violin, brought forward elsewhere by Mr. Hans Wessely a few months ago. It now found a gifted and sympathetic exponent in Lady Hallé, who had grasped the spirit as well as the letter of her task, and infused into it the utmost charm of expression and style. She was warmly recalled, and returned hand in hand with Dr. Mackenzie to acknowledge the applause. It would be unfair to dismiss this concert without mentioning Mr. Leonard Borwick's superb rendering (in their entirety) of Schumann's "Fantasiestücke," Op. 12. We have never heard these beautiful pieces more beautifully played.

AN ECHO OF VICTOR HUGO.

FEUILLES D'AUTOMNE.

[The first two stanzas are my own: the thoughts of the rest are from Victor Hugo, except the sixth stanza, which is my own. The metre of the original is entirely departed from.]

Life's a veil the real has:

All the shadows of our scene
Are but shows of things that pass
On the other side the screen.

Time his glass sits nodding by;
'Twixt its turn and turn a spawn
Of universes buzz and die,
Like the ephemeris of the dawn.

Turn again the wasted glass!
Kingly crown and warrior's crest
Are not worth the blade of grass
God fashions for the swallow's nest.

Kings must lay gold circlets down
In God's sepulchral ante-rooms,
The wear of Heaven's the thorny crown:
He paves His temples with their tombs.

O our towered altitudes!
O the lustres of our thrones!
What! old Time shall have his moods
Like Cæsars and Napoleons;

Have his towers and conquerors forth,
Till he, weary of the toys,
Put back Rameses in the earth
And break his Ninevehs and Troys.

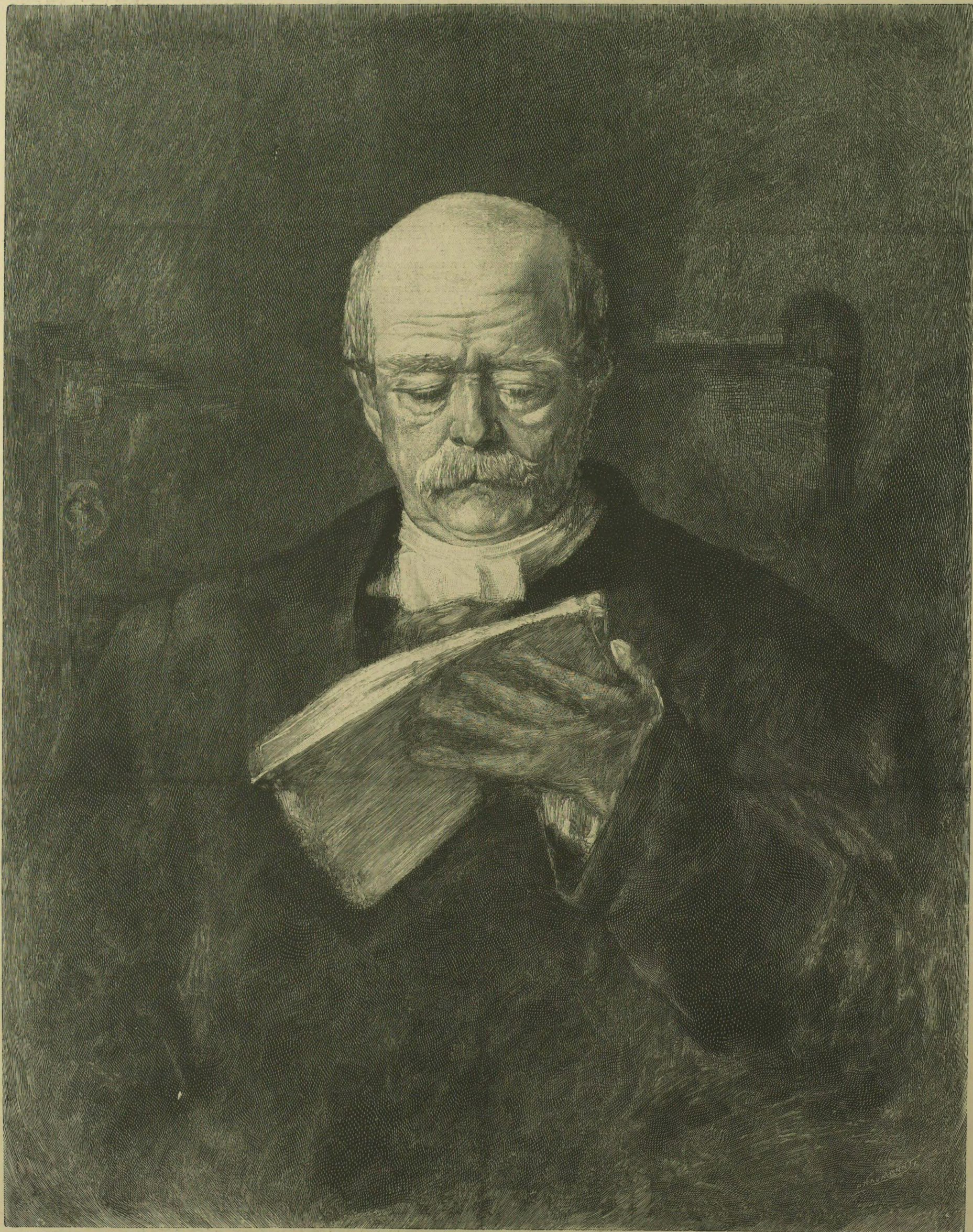
Mystery of mysteries!
Some few feet beneath the soil
The ancestral silences:
On the surface such a coil!

FRANCIS THOMPSON.



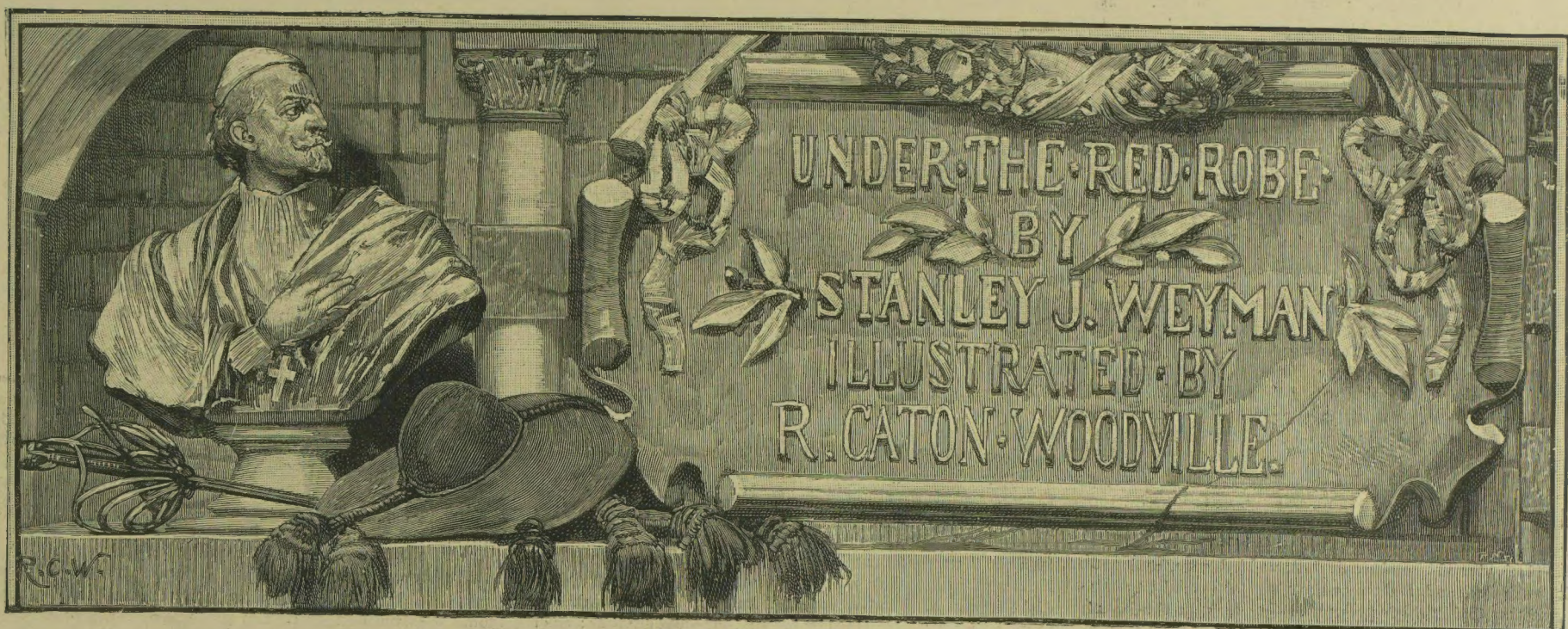
Eos Photographic Company, Bombay.
MUNCHERJI C. MUNSOOKH, THE PARSEE POET.

and has during nearly half a century been an active contributor to literature in the current vernacular of Western India, having composed about thirty books of history, moral philosophy, poetry, and romance, including his accurate translation of the poems of Firdousi, a great classic of ancient Persia eight centuries ago, who wrote the grand national epic, the "Shah Nameh" or Book of



PRINCE BISMARCK, EX-CHANCELLOR OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

From a Painting by F. von Lembach.



CHAPTER V.

REVENGE.

And full of black rage! Had she only reproached me, or, turning on me in the hour of *my* victory, said all she had now said in the moment of her own, I could have borne it. She might have shamed me then, and I might have taken the shame to myself and forgiven her. But as it was, I stood there in the gathering dusk, between the darkening hedges, baffled, tricked, defeated! And by a woman! She had pitted her wits against mine, her woman's will against my experience, and she had come off the victor. And then she had reviled me. As I took it all in, and began to comprehend also the more remote results, and how completely her move had made farther progress on my part impossible, I hated her. She had tricked me with her gracious ways and her slow-coming smile. And, after all—for what she had said—it was this man's life or mine. What had I done that another man would not do? *Mon Dieu!* In the future there was nothing I would not do. I would make her smart for those words of hers! I would bring her to her knees!

Still, hot as I was, an hour might have restored me to coolness. But when I started to return, I fell into a fresh rage, for I remembered that I did not know my way out of the maze of rides and paths into which she had drawn me; and this and the mishaps which followed, kept my rage hot. For a full hour I wandered in the wood, unable, though I knew where the village lay, to find any track which led continuously in one direction. Whenever, at the end of each attempt, the thicket brought me up short, I fancied I heard her laughing on the farther side of the brake; and the ignominy of this chance punishment, the check which the confinement placed on my rage, almost maddened me. In the darkness I fell, and rose cursing; I tore my hands with thorns; I stained my suit, which had suffered sadly once before. At length, when I had almost resigned myself to lie in the wood, I caught sight of the lights of the village, and, trembling between haste and anger, pressed towards them. In a few minutes I stood in the little street.

The lights of the inn shone only fifty yards away; but before I could show myself even there pride suggested that I should do something to repair my clothes. I stopped, and scraped and brushed them; and, at the same time, did what I could to compose my features. Then I advanced to the door and knocked. Almost on the instant the landlord's voice cried from the inside, "Enter, Monsieur!"

I raised the latch and went in. The man was alone, squatting over the fire warming his hands. A black pot simmered on the ashes: as I entered he raised the lid and peeped inside. Then he glanced over his shoulder.

"You expected me?" I said defiantly, walking to the hearth, and setting one of my damp boots on the logs.

"Yes," he answered, nodding curtly. "Your supper is just ready. I thought you would be in about this time."

He grinned as he spoke, and it was with difficulty I suppressed my wrath. "Mademoiselle de Cocheforêt told you," I said, affecting indifference, "where I was?"

"Ay, Mademoiselle—or Madame," he replied, grinning afresh.

So she had told him; where she had left me, and how she had tricked me! She had made me the village laughing-stock! My rage flashed out afresh at the thought, and, at the sight of his mocking face, I raised my fist,



Outside the door, in the road, sitting on horseback in silence, were two men.

But he read the threat in my eyes, and was up in a moment, snarling, with his hand on his knife. "Not again, Monsieur!" he cried, in his vile patois. "My head is sore still. Raise your hand, and I will rip you up as I would a pig!"

"Sit down, fool," I said. "I am not going to harm you. Where is your wife?"

"About her business."

"Which should be getting my supper," I retorted sharply.

He rose sullenly, and, fetching a platter, poured the mess of broth and vegetables into it. Then he went to a cupboard and brought out a loaf of black bread and a measure of wine, and set them also on the table. "You see it," he said laconically.

"And a poor welcome!" I exclaimed.

He flamed into sudden passion at that. Leaning with both his hands on the table, he thrust his rugged face and blood-shot eyes close to mine. His moustachios bristled; his beard trembled. "Hark ye, Sirrah!" he muttered, with sullen emphasis—"be content! I have my suspicions. And if it were not for my lady's orders I would put a knife into you, fair or foul, this very night. You would lie snug outside, instead of inside, and I do not think anyone would be the worse. But as it is, be content. Keep a still tongue; and when you turn your back on Cocheforêt to-morrow keep it turned."

"Tut! tut!" I said—but I confess I was a little out of countenance. "Threatened men live long, you rascal!"

"In Paris!" he answered significantly. "Not here, Monsieur."

He straightened himself with that, nodded once, and went back to the fire, and I shrugged my shoulders and began to eat, affecting to forget his presence. The logs on the hearth burned sullenly, and gave no light. The poor oil-lamp, casting weird shadows from wall to wall, served only to discover the darkness. The room, with its low roof and earthen floor, and foul clothes flung here and there, reeked of stale meals and garlic and vile cooking. I thought of the parlour at Cocheforêt, and the dainty table, and the stillness, and the scented pot-herbs; and though I was too old a soldier to eat the worse because my spoon lacked washing, I felt the change, and laid it savagely at Mademoiselle's door.

The landlord, watching me stealthily from his place by the hearth, read my thoughts, and chuckled aloud. "Palace fare, palace manners!" he muttered scornfully. "Set a beggar on horseback, and he will ride—back to the inn!"

"Keep a civil tongue, will you!" I answered, scowling at him.

"Have you finished?" he retorted.

I rose, without deigning to reply, and, going to the fire, drew off my boots, which were wet through. He, on the instant, swept off the wine and loaf to the cupboard, and then, coming back for the platter I had used, took it, opened the back door, and went out, leaving the door ajar. The draught which came in beat the flame of the lamp this way and that, and gave the dingy gloomy room an air still more miserable. I rose angrily from the fire, and went to the door, intending to close it with a bang.

But when I reached it, I saw something, between door and jamb, which stayed my hand. The door led to a shed in which the housewife washed pots and the like. I felt some surprise, therefore, when I found a light there at this time of night; still more surprise when I saw what she was doing.

She was seated on the mud floor, with a rushlight before her, and on either side of her a high-piled heap of refuse and rubbish. From one of these, at the moment I caught sight of her, she was sorting things—horrible filthy sweepings of road or floor—to the other; shaking and sifting each article as she passed it across, and then taking up another and repeating the action with it, and so on: all minutely, warily, with an air of so much patience and persistence that I stood wondering. Some things—rags—she held up between her eyes and the light, some she passed through her fingers, some she fairly tore in pieces. And all the time her husband stood watching her greedily, my platter still in his hand, as if her strange occupation fascinated him.

I stood looking, also, for half a minute, perhaps; then the man's eye, raised for a single second to the doorway, met mine. He started, muttered something to his wife, and, quick as thought, kicked the light out, leaving the shed in darkness. Cursing him for an ill-conditioned fellow, I walked back to the fire, laughing. In a twinkling he followed me, his face dark with rage.

"*Ventre-saint-gris!*" he exclaimed, thrusting it close to mine. "Is not a man's house his own?"

"It is, for me," I answered coolly, shrugging my shoulders. "And his wife: if she likes to pick dirty rags at this hour, that is your affair."

"Pig of a spy!" he cried, foaming with rage.

I was angry enough at bottom, but I had nothing to gain by quarrelling with the fellow; and I curtly bade him remember himself. "Your mistress gave you your orders," I said contemptuously. "Obey them!"

He spat on the floor, but at the same time he grew calmer. "You are right there," he answered spitefully. "What matter, after all, since you leave to-morrow at six? Your horse has been sent down, and your baggage is above."

"I will go to it," I retorted. "I want none of your company. Give me a light, fellow!"

He obeyed reluctantly, and, glad to turn my back on him, I went up the ladder, still wondering faintly, in the midst of my annoyance, what his wife was about that my chance detection of her had so enraged him. Even now he was not quite himself. He followed me with abuse, and, deprived by my departure of any other means of showing his spite, fell to shouting through the floor, bidding me remember six o'clock, and be stirring; with other taunts, which did not cease until he had tired himself out.

The sight of my belongings—which I had left a few hours before at the Château—strewn about the floor of this garret, went some way towards firing me again. But I was worn out. The indignities and mishaps of the evening had, for once, crushed my spirit, and after swearing an oath or two I began

to pack my bags. Vengeance I would have; but the time and manner I left for daylight thought. Beyond six o'clock in the morning I did not look forward; and if I longed for anything it was for a little of the good Armagnac I had wasted on those louts of merchants in the kitchen below. It might have done me good now.

I had wearily strapped up one bag, and nearly filled the other, when I came upon something which did, for the moment, rouse the devil in me. This was the tiny orange-coloured sachet which Mademoiselle had dropped the night I first saw her at the inn, and which, it will be remembered, I picked up. Since that night I had not seen it, and had as good as forgotten it. Now, as I folded up my other doublet, the one I had then been wearing, it dropped from the pocket.

The sight of it recalled all—that night, and Mademoiselle's face in the lantern light, and my fine plans, and the end of them; and, in a fit of childish fury, the outcome of long suppressed passion, I snatched up the sachet from the floor and tore it across and across, and flung the pieces down. As they fell, a cloud of fine pungent dust burst from them, and, with the dust, something heavier, which tinkled sharply on the boards. I looked down to see what this was—perhaps I already repented of my act—but for the moment I could see nothing. The floor was grimy and uninviting, and the light bad.

In certain moods, however, a man is obstinate about small things, and I moved the taper nearer. As I did so, a point of light, a flashing sparkle that shone for a second among the dirt and refuse on the floor, caught my eye. It was gone in a moment, but I had seen it. I stared, and moved the light again, and the spark flashed out afresh, this time in a different place. Much puzzled, I knelt, and, in a twinkling, found a tiny crystal. Hard by lay another—and another; each as large as a fair-sized pea. I took up the three, and rose to my feet again, the light in one hand, the crystals in the palm of the other.

They were diamonds! Diamonds of price! I knew it in a moment. As I moved the taper to and fro above them, and watched the fire glow and tremble in their depths, I knew that I held that which would buy the crazy inn and all its contents a dozen times over! They were diamonds! Gems so fine, and of so rare a water—or I had never seen gems—that my hand trembled as I held them, and my head grew hot, and my heart beat furiously. For a moment I thought I dreamed, that my fancy played me some trick; and I closed my eyes and did not open them again for a minute. But when I did, there they were, hard, real, and angular. Convinced at last, in a maze of joy and fear, I closed my hand upon them, and, stealing on tip-toe to the trap-door, laid first my saddle on it and then my bags, and over all my cloak, breathing fast the while.

Then I stole back, and, taking up the light again, began to search the floor, patiently, inch by inch, with naked feet, every sound making me tremble as I crept hither and thither over the creaking boards. And never was search more successful or better paid. In the fragments of the sachet I found six smaller diamonds and a pair of rubies. Eight large diamonds I found on the floor. One, the largest and last-found, had bounded away, and lay against the wall in the farthest corner. It took me an hour to run that one to earth; but afterwards I spent another hour on my hands and knees before I gave up the search, and, satisfied at last that I had collected all, sat down on my saddle on the trap-door, and, by the last flickering light of a candle which I had taken from my bag, gazed over my treasure—a treasure worthy of fabled Golconda.

Hardly could I believe in its reality, even now. Recalling the jewels which the English Duke of Buckingham wore on the occasion of his visit to Paris in 1625, and of which there was so much talk, I took these to be as fine, though less in number. They should be worth fifteen thousand crowns, more or less. Fifteen thousand crowns! And I held them in the hollow of my hand—I who was scarcely worth ten thousand sous.

The candle going out cut short my admiration. Left in the dark with these precious atoms, my first thought was how I might dispose of them safely; which I did, for the time, by secreting them in the lining of my boot. My second thought turned on the question how they had come where I had found them, among the powdered spice and perfumes in Mademoiselle de Cocheforêt's sachet.

A minute's reflection enabled me to come very near the secret, and at the same time shed a flood of light on several dark places. What Clon had been seeking on the path between the house and the village, what the goodwife of the inn had sought among the sweepings of yard and floor, I knew now—the sachet. I knew, too, what had caused the marked and sudden anxiety I had noticed at the Château—the loss of this sachet.

And there for a while I came to a check. But one step more up the ladder of thought brought all in view. In a flash I guessed how the jewels had come to be in the sachet; and that it was not Mademoiselle but M. de Cocheforêt who had mislaid them. And I thought the discovery so important that I began to pace the room softly, unable, in my excitement, to remain still.

Doubtless he had dropped the jewels in the hurry of his start from the inn that night! Doubtless, too, he had carried them in that bizarre hiding-place for the sake of safety, considering it unlikely that robbers, if he fell into their hands, would take the sachet from him; as still less likely that they would suspect it to contain anything of value. Everywhere it would pass for a love-gift, the work of his mistress.

Nor did my penetration stop there. Ten to one the gems were family property, the last treasure of the house; and M. de Cocheforêt, when I saw him at the inn, was on his way to convey them out of the country; either to secure them from seizure by the Government, or to raise money by selling them—money to be spent in some last desperate enterprise. For a day or two, perhaps, after leaving Cocheforêt, while the mountain road and its chances occupied his thoughts, he had not discovered his loss. Then he had searched for the precious sachet, missed it, and returned hot-foot on his tracks.

I was certain that I had hit on the true solution; and all that night I sat wakeful in the darkness, pondering what I

should do. The stones, unset as they were, could never be identified, never be claimed. The channel by which they had come to my hands could never be traced. To all intents they were mine—mine, to do with as I pleased! Fifteen thousand crowns!—perhaps twenty thousand crowns!—and I to leave at six in the morning, whether I would or no! I might leave for Spain with the jewels in my pocket.

I confess I was tempted. The gems were so fine that I doubt not some indifferently honest men would have sold salvation for them. But a Berault his honour? No! I was tempted, but not for long. Thank God, a man may be reduced to living by the fortunes of the dice, and may even be called by a woman "spy" and "coward" without becoming a thief! The temptation soon left me—I take credit for it—and I fell to thinking of this and that plan for making use of them. Once it occurred to me to take the jewels to the Cardinal and buy my pardon with them; again, to use them as a trap to capture Cocheforêt; again to—and then about five in the morning, as I sat up on my wretched pallet, while the first light stole slowly in through the cob-webbed, hay-stuffed lattice, there came to me the real plan, the plan of plans, on which I acted.

It charmed me. I smacked my lips over it, and hugged myself, and felt my eyes dilate in the darkness, as I conned it. It seemed cruel, it seemed mean; I cared nothing. Mademoiselle had boasted of her victory over me, of her woman's wits and her acuteness; and of my dullness. She had said her grooms should flog me, she had rated me as if I had been a dog. Very well; we would see now whose brains were the better, whose was the master mind, whose should be the whipping.

The one thing required by my plan was that I should get speech with her; that done, I could trust myself, and my new-found weapon for the rest. But that was absolutely necessary, and seeing that there might be some difficulty about it, I determined to descend as if my mind were made up to go; then, on pretence of saddling my horse, I would slip away on foot, and lie in wait near the Château until I saw her come out. Or if I could not effect my purpose in that way—either by reason of the landlord's vigilance, or for any other cause—my course was still easy. I would ride away, and when I had proceeded a mile or so, tie up my horse in the forest and return to the wooden bridge. Thence I could watch the garden and front of the Château until time and chance gave me the opportunity I sought.

So I saw my way quite clearly; and when the fellow below called me, reminding me rudely that I must be going, and that it was six o'clock, I was ready with my answer. I shouted sulkily that I was coming, and, after a decent delay, I took up my saddle and bags and went down.

Viewed by the cold morning light, the inn room looked more smoky, more grimy, more wretched than when I had last seen it. The goodwife was not visible. The fire was not lighted. No provision, not so much as a stirrup-cup or bowl of porridge cheered the heart. I looked round, sniffing the stale smell of last night's lamp, and grunted. "Are you going to send me out fasting?" I said, affecting a worse humour than I felt.

The landlord was standing by the window, stooping over a great pair of frayed and furrowed thigh-boots which he was labouring to soften with copious grease. "Mademoiselle ordered no breakfast," he answered, with a malicious grin.

"Well, it does not much matter," I replied grandly. "I shall be at Auch by noon."

"That is as may be," he answered with another grin. I did not understand him, but I had something else to think about, and I opened the door and stepped out, intending to go to the stable. Then in a second I comprehended. The cold air laden with woodland moisture met me and went to my bones; but it was not that which made me shiver. Outside the door, in the road, sitting on horseback in silence, were two men. One was Clon. The other, who held a spare horse by the rein—my horse—was a man I had seen at the inn, a rough, shock-headed, hard-bitten fellow. Both were armed, and Clon was booted. His mate rode barefoot, with a rusty spur strapped to one heel.

The moment I saw them a sure and certain fear crept into my mind: it was that made me shiver. But I did not speak to them. I went in again, and closed the door behind me. The landlord was putting on the boots. "What does this mean?" I said hoarsely. I had a clear prescience of what was coming. "Why are these men here?"

"Orders," he answered laconically.

"Whose orders?" I retorted.

"Whose?" he answered bluntly. "Well, Monsieur, that is my business. Enough that we mean to see you out of the country, and out of harm's way."

"But if I will not go?" I cried.

"Monsieur will go," he answered coolly. "There are no strangers in the village to-day," he added, with a significant smile.

"Do you mean to kidnap me?" I replied, in a rage. Behind the rage was something—I will not call it terror, for the brave feel no terror—but it was near akin to it. I had had to do with rough men all my life, but there was a grimness and truculence in the aspect of these three that shook me. When I thought of the dark paths and narrow lanes and cliff-sides we must traverse, whichever road we took, I trembled.

"Kidnap you, Monsieur?" he answered, with an everyday air. "That is as you please to call it. One thing is certain, however," he continued, maliciously touching an arquebuss which he had produced and set upright against a chair while I was at the door; "if you attempt the slightest resistance, we shall know how to put an end to it, either here or on the road."

I drew a deep breath. The very imminence of the danger restored me to the use of my faculties. I changed my tone and laughed aloud. "So that is your plan, is it?" I said. "The sooner we start the better, then. And the sooner I see Auch and your back turned, the more I shall be pleased."

He rose. "After you, Monsieur," he said.

I could not restrain a slight shiver. His new-born

politeness alarmed me more than his threats. I knew the man and his ways, and I was sure that it boded ill for me.

But I had no pistols, and only my sword and knife, and I knew that resistance at this point must be worse than vain. I went out jauntily, therefore, the landlord coming after me with my saddle and bags.

The street was empty, save for the two waiting horsemen who sat in their saddles looking doggedly before them. The sun had not yet risen, the air was raw. The sky was grey, cloudy, and cold. My thoughts flew back to the morning on which I had found the satchet—at that very spot, almost at that very hour; and for a moment I grew warm again at the thought of the little packet I carried in my boot. But the landlord's dry manner, the sullen silence of his two companions, whose eyes steadily refused to meet mine, chilled me again. For an instant the impulse to refuse to mount, to refuse to go, was almost irresistible; then, knowing the madness of such a course, which might, and probably would, give the men the chance they desired, I crushed it down and went slowly to my stirrup.

"I wonder you do not want my sword," I said by way of sarcasm, as I swung myself up.

"We are not afraid of it," the innkeeper answered gravely. "You may keep it—for the present."

I made no answer—what answer had I to make?—and we rode at a footpace down the street; he and I leading, Clon and the shock-headed man bringing up the rear. The leisurely mode of our departure, the absence of hurry or even haste, the men's indifference whether they were seen, or what was thought, all served to sink my spirits and deepen my sense of peril. I felt that they suspected me, that they more than half guessed the nature of my errand at Cocheforêt, and that they were not minded to be bound by Mademoiselle's orders. In particular I augured the worst from Clon's appearance. His lean malevolent face and sunken eyes, his very dumbness chilled me. Mercy had no place there.

We rode soberly, so that nearly half an hour elapsed before we gained the brow from which I had taken my first look at Cocheforêt. Among the dwarf oaks whence I had viewed the valley we paused to breathe our horses, and the strange feelings with which I looked back on the scene may be imagined. But I had short time for indulging in sentiment or recollections. A curt word, and we were moving again.

A quarter of a mile farther on the road to Auch dipped into the valley. When we were already half-way down this descent the innkeeper suddenly stretched out his hand and caught my rein. "This way!" he said.

I saw he would have me turn into a by-path leading south-westwards—a mere track, faint and little trodden and encroached on by trees, which led I knew not whither. I checked my horse. "Why?" I said rebelliously. "Do you think I do not know the road? This is the way to Auch."

"To Auch—yes," he answered bluntly. "But we are not going to Auch."

"Whither then?" I said angrily.

"You will see presently," he replied with an ugly smile.

"Yes, but I will know now!" I retorted; passion getting the better of me. "I have come so far with you. You will find it more easy to take me farther if you tell me your plans."

"You are a fool!" he cried with a snarl.

"Not so," I answered. "I ask only to know whither I am going."

"Into Spain," he said. "Will that satisfy you?"

"And what will you do with me there?" I asked, my heart giving a great bound.

"Hand you over to some friends of ours," he answered curtly, "if you behave yourself. If not, there is a shorter way, and one that will save us some travelling. Make up your mind, Monsieur. Which shall it be?"

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Most readers know that the air we breathe is essentially a mixture of two gases—oxygen and nitrogen—and that the nitrogen far exceeds the former gas in amount. The proportion is about 21 of oxygen to 79 of nitrogen. It is matter of elementary knowledge, of course, that the oxygen is the great supporter of life of every kind. Neither animal nor plant can exist without this gas, which, by-the-way, is equally essential for combustion itself. Now, it is usually taught in the text-books that the nitrogen of the air, so far as animal life is concerned, is an inert gas. It goes into the lungs and out of them unchanged, and appears, as a gas, to play no part in the function of respiration, however important it is in other ways as an element in our food. This, I say, is the ordinary teaching about nitrogen. My friend Sir B. W. Richardson has an

when the temperature rose above 80 deg. Fahr. we should perish as from lack of food. Now, according to Sir B. W. Richardson's views, the nitrogen of the air is to be regarded as much more than a mere diluent of the oxygen. It is "the grand equaliser of heat." For when cold accrues, the loss of heat from the air is sustained as four to one by the nitrogen, and when the temperature rises, the heat-increase is sustained as four to one by the same gas. This process leaves the oxygen, as it were, in *statu quo*. Whatever physical changes occur to the oxygen at poles and equator, its alterations never extend beyond a point or degree at which it is capable of supporting life.

But there exist variations and fluctuations, we are reminded, in the relations of the oxygen to life, notwithstanding this equalising tendency of the nitrogen of the air. An animal of ordinary kind, placed in cold common air at 30 deg. Fahr., let us suppose, is well covered and well fed, just as an Eskimo is clad and fed. That animal

eats ravenously, gives off an excess of waste carbonic acid (the ashes of its bodily fire), and if fed as it should be, at 60 deg. Fahr. will begin to undergo wasting. Here oxygen exists and is supplied in plenty, and is also diluted to an extent which enables it readily to unite with the blood, and to expedite the production of vital energy with its inevitable accompaniment of waste. Now, let us suppose this animal is placed in a temperature of 70 deg. Fahr. in an ordinary atmosphere, then, if the food supply be maintained and other conditions of life be equal, there is less craving for food, less carbonic acid waste given off, and, as a consequence, a greater tendency for the excess of food to be stored up in the form of fat. Here the oxygen, diluted for easy combination with the blood as before, does not exercise the same degree of absorption as regards the vital fluid; and with a less demand for heat production, there is less combustion all round.

Turning, lastly to the animal placed in pure oxygen instead of common air, we find in the cold it will demand no food, will give off little carbonic acid, and will perish from cold. In the heat (amid pure oxygen) it demands much food, produces a great amount of carbonic acid, and will die because it cannot keep pace as regards nourishment with the rapidity of its wear and tear. The nitrogen, we thus see, acts as the equaliser of the oxygen, and prevents alike the one result and the other last described. These views, it is to be hoped, will find their way into our text-books, or at least be discussed by physiologists with the view of settling the exact part played by the great bulk of the atmosphere in regulating the vital processes of living things.

If I mistake not, Sir James Crichton Browne, in the course of a recent address, remarked upon the curious elasticity of our brain as regards sleep. He cited the case of people who rarely slept well or much, and who, nevertheless, are able to carry on intellectual work with ease and ability. I suppose there is a "habit" of brain in the matter of sleep as in other respects, and while,

ordinarily, we demand a fair quantum of absolute rest, some of us contrive, as a habit, to get along with a minimum of somnolent repose. This subject was lately recalled to mind when I happened to be dining alone with a well known surgeon in busy practice. My friend is a man who, like myself, journeys over the length and breadth of the land. He had just returned from a long and tedious journey, tired and fagged. We sat down to dinner. Between the courses he fell sound asleep, let us say, for three minutes—not more, certainly. After each nap he woke up, ate his quantum, and went off again into slumber. I said nothing, but watched him closely. I observed that after each awakening he grew brighter, the tired look disappeared, and by the time dinner was at an end Richard was himself again. I joked him on his instalments of sleep. His reply was characteristic. "Don't you know," said he, "that it isn't a long sleep which is needed to refresh an active brain? Nerve-tissue is repaired easily with very little sleep, if you also take food." Of my own experience, the remark holds good; and it reveals a very curious, and in some respects anomalous, condition of the brain and its ways.



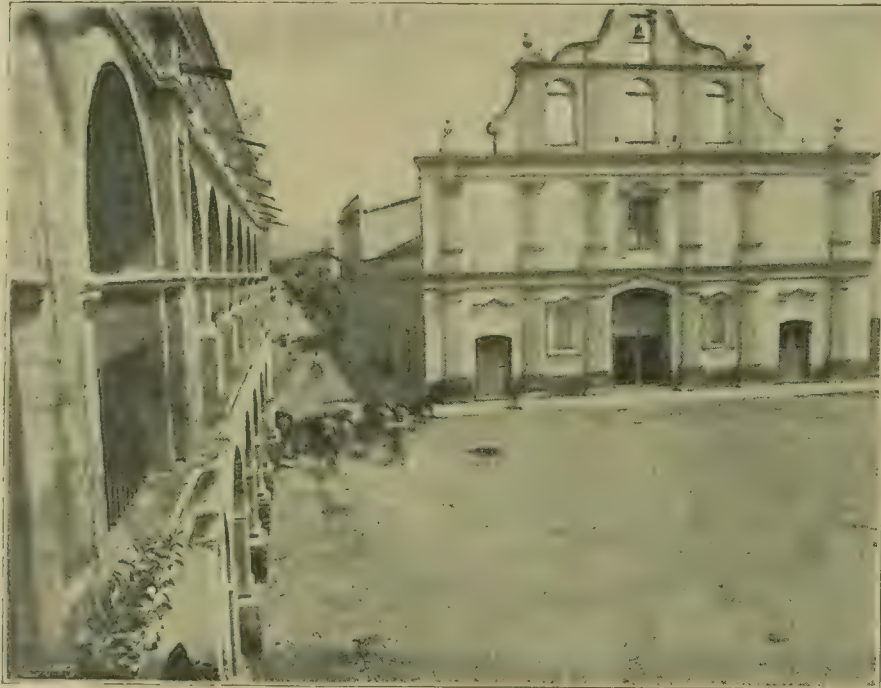
The innkeeper suddenly stretched out his hand and caught my rein. "This way!" he said.

instructive little note in the last issue of his journal, the *Asclepiad*, concerning the nitrogen of the air, which should cause us at least to review our position with regard to the functions this gas may discharge. He reminds us, first of all, that if an animal be placed in pure oxygen, it dies. This result happens because the gas cannot enter into combination at temperatures below 30 deg. Fahr. If the gas be still unmixed with any other gas, but brought into motion by heat, it still destroys life, by setting up too active combustion—in plain language, by burning rapidly away what in ordinary circumstances it merely plays upon.

Sir B. W. Richardson remarks that if our atmosphere were composed of oxygen only, life could not exist under the present distribution of heat and cold. For at the poles the condensation of oxygen would be so great that the heat-producing processes in the blood would be impossible of continuance. At the equator, combustion of tissue, on the other hand, would be so rapid that we could not support the increased processes our bodies would exhibit. He adds that when the thermometer fell below 30 deg. Fahr., we should die in such an atmosphere as from want of air;

SALTA, ARGENTINA.

The arrest of Mr. Jabez Spencer Balfour, announced last week, is an event of sufficient interest to many unlucky people in England to recommend a short description of the town, in the Argentine Republic of South America, where his active career, formerly such a wonderful example of money-getting, has been stopped by police agency. Salta is the name of a province and of its chief city, beyond Tucuman, above nine hundred miles north-west of Buenos Ayres, adjacent to the small frontier province of Jujuy, which touches the Republic of Bolivia. The city of Salta was founded by the Spanish colonists three centuries ago. It is pleasantly situated, 3780 ft. above the sea-level, with agreeable suburbs named Buena Vista, Velarde, Cuestas, Pedrera, and Lagunilla. Mr. Jabez Balfour, who is said to have kept in his possession, since the ruin of the "Liberator" and its allied companies, a fortune of at least £40,000, removed not long ago, with his family, from a handsome villa and gardens near Buenos Ayres, to this remote northern town. He was preparing to establish a brewery at Salta, which is an undertaking not regarded by most Englishmen as blameable in itself, although his father and mother were notable public lecturers in the total abstinence cause. Barley is grown in the elevated country around Salta more successfully, we believe, than the grape or any semi-tropical fruit, the



A STREET SCENE.

climate being frosty in winter. The drinking-water of that city is also stated to be of very bad quality, tending to cause the ugly excrescence of the flesh called goitre; and we cannot doubt that Mr. Jabez Balfour was inspired by motives of Christian philanthropy in starting a

company to supply the inhabitants with good wholesome beer. If he had been permitted to carry on this operation, with financial results as satisfactory to the promoter as those from his English projects, he might have become the Bass, Allsopp, or Guinness of the Argentine world. In the meantime, Salta was an eligible residence; a well-built town with good streets, with a cathedral, a government house, colleges and schools, and a thriving trade. The first victory of the South American insurgents against the rule of Spain was won in a battle fought in 1812 near Salta.

Inspector Tonbridge left Southampton on Jan. 26 by the Royal Mail steamer Elbe, to bring back Jabez Spencer Balfour. He has all the necessary papers, but it is probable that he will be detained at Buenos Ayres for some time by extradition formalities. It will be necessary to await the decision of the Federal Court of the Argentine Republic. If the arrest was made by an order of the Executive of the Republic independently of treaty, with a view to the surrender of the accused to the British Government, and if the Federal tribunal applies English law to the case, then Jabez Spencer Balfour will not be extradited. Under like circumstances, a prisoner would be instantly released on habeas corpus in an English court. It is, therefore, advisable to await further information as to the action of the Argentine courts, before we conclude that he will be immediately sent to England.



THE CITY OF SALTA.



A STREET SCENE.



OPEN-AIR MASS.



CHURCH OF NUESTRA SEÑORA DE CANDELARIA.

CAPTAIN LENDY



MAXIM GUN.

SEVEN-POUNDER.

THE LATE CAPTAIN E. A. W. LENDY, WITH THE SIERRA LEONE FRONTIER POLICE, IN THE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE SOFAS.



"HOME AGAIN!"

By DAVIDSON KNOWLES.

ALBERT MOORE'S PICTURES GRAFTON GALLERY

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THE SHUNAMITE WOMAN.

"I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved, that ye tell him that I am sick of love.—What is thy beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women? What is thy beloved more than another beloved, that thou dost so charge us?—My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand," &c.—THE SONG OF SOLOMON, chap. v., from verse 8.

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HIND-STALKING: THE DEER DISTURBED AND THE STALK RUINED BY SHEEP.

MR. BIRRELL'S ESSAYS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"Nature is unco' wastefu'," as the Caledonian said, or wasteful she seems to us. For example, Mr. Birrell has just published a little book, "Essays about Men, Women, and Books" (Stock), and this is only his fourth little book. One does not want to compel Mr. Birrell to work more than Dr. Johnson would have approved of: "A man should have some of his life to himself," said the Doctor. If the quotation be incorrect, I cannot help it. We read of Madame Blavatsky that she wrote volumes of immense erudition charged with citations, while her library consisted only of a few French novels. Her friends explained her feats by a theory that she was inspired by Mahatmas. I am inclined to doubt the value of this hypothesis, because the lady quoted elegiac verses from Lucretius, who notoriously wrote none. Mahatmas would know that. I presume that she quoted from memory, as I am here constrained to do, for want of books. If Dr. Johnson did not say that a man should have some of his life to himself, he said words to that effect. But what I am complaining of is that Mr. Birrell, with only his four

quote Professor Boyesen or Colonel Higginson, or even Hawthorne and Lowell. "Why, in the name of common sense, should she not quote 'British authors,' if they serve her turn?" "As if it mattered an atom whether an author whom, while you are discussing literature, you find it convenient to quote was born in Boston, Lincolnshire, or Boston, Massachusetts. One wearies of it indescribably. It is always Professor This, or Colonel That." Thus some American writers put a kind of bounty on their home literature, as if it were sugar. "What reader cares a snap of his fingers where the man was cradled who makes him for a while forget himself?" "Whether at Khorsabad or Babylon," it is all the same. "Who cares about spelling? Milton spelt 'dog' with two g's. The American Milton, when he comes, may spell it with three, while all the world wonders, if he is so minded." This is sense. We know what we like in letters, and as long as we get it we don't care whether it is of native or alien origin.

Mr. Birrell also knows what he does not like. There is a list of authors who do not excite an imaginary reader's enthusiasm on pp. 220, 221. He does not like that famed minx of Muscovy, Marie Bashkirtseff. Nor do I. He does not pine for Amiel. Nor do I. He can imagine a

and touch the shield of some literary Templar, to say "You are an over-rated popular humbug, you are dull, pedantic, bepuffed, you are only the idol of stupid intelligent illiterate readers," is an invidious and probably a useless adventure. "What good could come of it?" One does not desire to make any man's books sell less, even if one could achieve this result. One does not want to hurt any man's feelings. A critic only likes to relieve his mind now and again. The best plan, Mr. Birrell says, is to leave an author severely alone, if we disapprove of him. But even this the author does not like, and we have heard the wails of a Muse complaining that she is left alone. Poor Muse, what good could we possibly say about her?

Authors, according to Mr. Birrell, make a complaint with which we cannot sympathise. "There is no sober exposition of my plan, my purpose, my book, but only a parade of the reviewer's own reading and a crackling of his thorns under my pot." Indeed, one only wishes that most reviewers had any reading! As a rule, they seem to have none, and what they have very seldom includes the book under review. Last week I saw a review, by a *vir doctissimus et amicus meus*, of a book by another most learned friend of my own. But *vir* number one had mani-



"THE WRECK OF THE MINOTAUR."—BY J. M. W. TURNER.

Exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition of Old Masters.—Reproduced from a Mezzotint in the possession of Messrs. Graves, Pall Mall.

little books to his name, is as wasteful as nature. He is flinging away his time on being in Parliament. *Il gaspille un temps précieux*. Anybody could be in Parliament, and do the usual most unsatisfactory things in that Palace of—not exactly Truth, where it is a duty to see things as, frankly, they are not. Anybody can do that, but only Mr. Birrell can write his essays and make one disturb the ambrosial night by laughing aloud over his observations.

There is an agreeable vein of mischief in Mr. Birrell. His comments on Mr. Matthews's "book or bomb," "Americanisms and Briticisms," are delicious. When an American is "up on his hind legs," as the vulgar say (it is a Briticism), he calls us "foreigners." Technically we are foreigners, but, proud and exclusive as we are, we never call the Americans "foreigners." It does not come natural to us so to do. Of course, if they insist on it, we will try to oblige them, but it is not our natural way. Mr. Matthews coldly styles us foreigners, and yet, as Mr. Birrell remarks, "There is a portrait of Mr. Matthews at the beginning of this book or bomb of his, and he does not look in the least like a foreigner. I am sorry to disappoint him, but truth will out." As I have ventured to do before, he girds at Mr. Matthews for rebuking his countrywoman, Miss Repplies. Not having the Flag before her eyes, this young lady quoted fifteen British authors, and did not

man who "found it easy and even helpful to live for six months at a time without reading a new novel by Mr. Hall Caine." So can I. The student can look at Mr. Birrell's list: there are authors about whom I differ from him; on the others his imaginary fastidious person awakes my warmest sympathy. Mr. Birrell might have belonged to the Anti-John-Inglesant Society. But, he asks, could you advise the imaginary critic "to run amuck in print against all these powerful and delightful writers? What good could come of it?" No good, perhaps, and yet one is not sure! Some of our pet literary antipathies have been belauded into their position, are praised every day, like the Oriental potentate in "Zadig." A little dispraise might be useful. But to dispraise seems invidious, and, when an author is usually saluted every morning and evening by the guns of criticism, his feelings are very easily hurt by literary censure. He thinks that his critic has a personal hatred of him, is a malignant. Nobody likes to be thought malignant. Mr. Birrell is arguing that printed criticism is of no avail. This is hardly quite correct. My opinion, or yours, or Mr. Birrell's, in print, may be ineffectual, but a chorus of praise or of dispraise, kept up by some thirty active young men in the Press, does produce its effect. We see some living authors persistently lauded, others as persistently abused. This must tell in the long run. But for a solitary spear to prick forth

festly not read the volume of *vir* number two. He said that his author entertained a certain theory, which he easily demolished with great store of erudition. But his author had distinctly and solemnly disavowed this theory! A friendly scholar reviews a work on Homer, at great length, and regrets that there is no chapter in it on the "Nibelungenlied." Now, there is a chapter on the "Nibelungenlied"! These things ought not to be.

Almost all of Mr. Birrell's essays are like sympathetic talk about books and even about bookbindings. Even on that dull topic he is not dull. His account of how he first saw a book bound as it should be (one of those attributed to the library of Marguerite de Valois) is uncommonly agreeable. It was a Ronsard, and Mr. Birrell did not buy it. One is sorry that he did not pledge his very cummerbund rather than go without it. What a moment this was! What a conversion! The scene was the Passage des Panoramas, henceforward sacred. Opposite M. Damascène Morgand's shop we must pause, and say, "Here the Light came to Mr. Birrell!" Unlike the Rev. Thomas Halyburton (who hoped to get to heaven as "a witness against St. Andrews, against the professors that are come about me"), Mr. Birrell knows the hour and place when he became a changed man—about bookbindings. A relapsed heretic, I own that I don't care much for stamped leather.



"CONSTANTINOPLE IN LONDON": THE SPECTACULAR PERFORMANCE AT OLYMPIA.

E L Y C H A P E L, H O L B O R N.



was destined to have many vicissitudes, and was often on the verge of extinction. It became a sort of proprietary chapel, and one of the incumbents was the son of Fanny Burney, who was carried off by a sort of malarious fever peculiar to the place. Later it came into



Turning out of Holborn hard by the Prince Consort's statue, we find on our left an unpretending street, and very retired; a watchman, in his little lodge, sees to it that its tranquillity is not disturbed. He more particularly looks after "Lewis and Lewis," the eminent sensational firm of solicitors, and the beautiful Ely Chapel. Until close on

the end of last century, the ground here was covered with a stately pile of buildings, the entrance to the enclosure being somewhere near Dr. Parker's City Temple. This was the Palace of the Bishops of Ely, which included a fine banquetting-hall, cloisters, a roomy dwelling house, "fayre gardens," and together with this attractive chapel formed an imposing collection of buildings. In 1483, on the morning when "crook'd-back Richard" had ordered the execution of Hastings, he said to the Bishop of Ely: "My Lord, you have very good strawberries at your garden in Holborne. I require you to let us have a messe of them." "Gladlie, my Lord," quoth he; "would to God I had something better as readie to your pleasure as that." And then withal, in all haste, he sent his servant for a messe of strawberries."

About the year 1772 the bishops sold the grounds and buildings to Government, removing the Palace to Dover Street, where it now stands, with a conspicuous mitre on its stone front. A sort of "speculative builder" levelled the buildings and erected the present "neat" houses which form Ely Place—sparing, however, the chapel.

The elegant little temple

the hands of a Welsh episcopal community, who "fitted it up," as it is called, after approved principles—filling in or cutting down the windows, adding galleries and pews, covering over the ceiling, and "knocking it about" in a very barbarous fashion. Finally, in 1876, it was sold by auction, and purchased by the Fathers of Charity, a Catholic order, who, at much expense, have restored all its beauty and attractions. Such is the history of this interesting architectural gem.

On entering we find ourselves in the crypt—almost cimmerian in its gloom—its

massive walls, twelve or fourteen feet thick, pierced with lancet windows. The old timber framings of the ceiling are still there, and are supported on short stone columns by curious fan-like stays. It is a strange feeling, wandering through this cavernous place. A steep stair leads up through an old archway to what remains of the cloister, from which a few winding steps take us into the chapel above. It would be difficult to give an idea of this elegant interior, which perhaps only an architect would best appreciate, so harmonious are the proportions. One is lost in admiration at the great unrivalled windows which fill each end—the florid and original tracery of one in particular being really unique. As a specimen of modern glass-painting, of richly jewelled pattern, there are few productions of our time so successful. This splendid window was the gift of the Duke of Norfolk; the other is being gradually filled. The Wesleyans, fortunately, spared the tracery, though mauling it a good deal. They fitted a neat plastered ceiling, according to the canons of churchwarden architecture, and great was the joy of the restoring architect, Mr. Whelan, when, on breaking through this hideous screen, he found the good old original ribs ranged in symmetrical



archings close to each other, and quite sound. The range of beautiful lancet windows down the sides, with the delicately indicated mouldings, niches, &c., are all worthy of close examination and, it may be added, of admiration. Not so much to be praised are certain features of the restoration, such as the rood screen and side altars, which "cut up" the chapel, and the heavy organ, which encroaches. It is plain, withal, the principle should be to treat it as a private chapel, without attempting to make a public church of it. Of course, it will be said that this is its proper function, and that it is impossible to indulge in architectural luxuries of the kind; but if the principle were recognised, a solution would be found.

The chapel should also be seen from the outside—from the garden of the chapel house, when its fine old masonry, quite untouched and showing some curious incomplete or unfinished indications, will delight the architect. He should also take care to walk round by the mews on the other side,

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The appointment of the Rev. C. W. Stubbs, of Wavertree, Liverpool, to the deanery of Ely is unquestionably a great surprise. Mr. Stubbs would have been more at home, probably, amid the activities of a large city; but when he occupied one of the smallest livings in Bucks he was famous for his energy, and if any man can waken up Ely, he will do it. By the way, Mr. Stubbs is the author of the well-known lines, originally published in the *Spectator*, "I sat alone with my conscience."

Dr. Wickham is a man of less striking personality, but he will doubtless make an excellent Dean of Lincoln.

A very small remnant of the clergy who have stood by Mr. Gladstone are evidently to have their services recognised, and it will be surprising if Canon MacColl has reached the end of his tether.

Reminiscences of the late Dean Butler are finding their way into the papers. A writer whom I can hardly be wrong in identifying with Canon Furse, of Westminster, says: "He was English in the frank, bold front he presented to every opponent, as when a Nonconformist minister in the parish called on him and proposed to have a public discussion on a platform in the town, the vicar answered, 'What! have a cock-fight to amuse the public? No; certainly not!' He was also thoroughly English in his humour, and held that no man could stay without some humour in him. 'Many a man,' he would say, 'will do one or two good bits of work, but I do not believe anyone can be depended on for long, steady, persevering work if he has no humour.'"

Dr. Butler preached a famous sermon in Westminster Abbey against Messrs. Moody and Sankey, who had then formally concluded their successful mission in London. He took for his text, "If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." He referred distinctly to the American evangelists, speaking of their "jingling melodies," and urged Churchmen not to listen to such voices, but rather to such a warning as that of Abraham in the text.

In the *Cambridge Review* another illustration is given of the late Dean Merivale's readiness of reply. The Dean was discussing the relative merits of Essex and his own county, Devon, with the Rev. F. B. Zincke, an eastern counties man. The latter summed up his case for Essex by saying, as Sydney Smith had done for him, that the wise men came from "the east." "Well," replied Merivale, "surely it was the wisest thing they could do!"

The article on Dr. Pusey in the current number of the *Church Quarterly* is by the late Dean Butler.

The *Guardian*, in reviewing Dean Stanley's "Life," makes the following significant admission: "Hardly any High Churchman would now deny that the prosecutions of Gorham, the writers of 'Essays and Reviews,' and Colenso were tactical blunders. Like the ritual prosecutions which followed, these attempts to close the Church's door on the Broad Church party helped the cause which they were intended to destroy."

The authorities of Mansfield College, Oxford, the Congregational theological seminary, have made arrangements for another summer school of theology. Their previous experience was highly successful, and the second promises to be at least equally so. Professor Sanday, Professor Cheyne, and Professor Ryle are the Churchmen who take part; and among eminent laymen who will give lectures are Professor Seth, of Edinburgh, and Professor MacAlister, of Cambridge.

Mr. Gladstone has presented 24,000 volumes of books to "St. Deiniol's Theological and General Library," in the village of Hawarden; an institution for the use of "students, lay or clerical, of any age, inquirers, and clergy or others desiring times of rest," connected with the "hostel," or boarding-house, in the old Hawarden Grammar-school building, where students will be accommodated with simple diet and lodging at twenty-five shillings weekly. An iron temporary building has been erected for the library. It is Mr. Gladstone's intention to convey the whole property to trustees belonging to the Church of England.

A meeting of the City Churches Preservation Society, held at the vestry of St. Edmund the King and Martyr, Lombard Street, resolved to ask all the City clergy to open their churches on weekdays for rest and meditation, and also for short, bright services. It was further agreed to compile statistics as to week-day attendances at the City churches, some of which are now threatened with demolition.

A meeting of the inhabitants of the parish of St. Michael's, Strand, held at the parish church in Burleigh Street on Saturday, Jan. 27, passed resolutions against the proposed union of St. Michael's Church with that of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

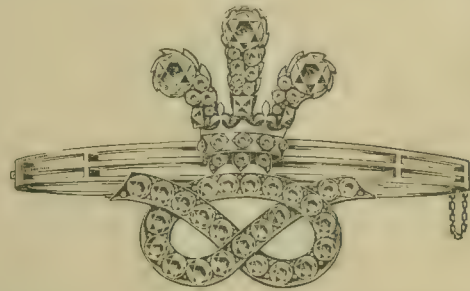
Sunday, Jan. 28, was marked in Bristol by an exchange of pulpits by no fewer than sixty Nonconformist ministers. The Baptist, Congregational, Moravian, and Presbyterian churches were included, as well as the various sections of the Methodists.

NEW ASSOCIATES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.—MR. FRANK BRAMLEY.

Mr. Frank Bramley, son of Charles Bramley, of Fisherton Hall, was born in 1857 at Sibsey, near Boston. He first studied drawing at the Lincoln School of Art, where he was the fellow-pupil of Mr. William Logsdail and Mr. Fred. Hall, under Mr. Taylor. Having learnt what he could from his English teacher, Mr. Bramley went off to Antwerp, which then enjoyed the reputation of being the best school for technique on the Continent. Here, again, he was the fellow-pupil of Mr. W. Logsdail, who about that time, or some time previously, had taken up his quarters in the old Flemish city. Like Mr. Logsdail, Mr. Bramley, as soon as he had learnt the science of painting from his Flemish masters and fellow-workers, started for Venice; and from that city sent home, in 1884, studies of bead-stringers and net-weavers, which were his first contributions to the Royal Academy. The next year he seems to have already been settled at Penzance, and to have given his adherence to the Newlyn school, which Mr. Stanhope Forbes was fast bringing into public notice. From that time Mr. Bramley has been essentially a "plein-airist," even in such indoor scenes as "A Hopeless Dawn," the picture which in 1888 made his reputation and was purchased by the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest. Since then his chief contributions to public exhibitions have been scenes of Cornish village and seaside life, among which may be mentioned "Old Memories," "After Fifty Years," &c. In 1892 he obtained a medal of the second class at the French Salon for his picture "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," exhibited at Burlington House in the previous year.

On the occasion of the marriage of Lord Lurton's daughter, the Hon. Nellie Bass, to Mr. J. E. Bruce Baillie, the tenants of the Rangemoor estate have presented to her a handsome solid silver tea and coffee service, with a tray, fitted in a solid oak case. The officers of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion (Prince of Wales's) North Staffordshire Light



DIAMOND BRACELET: WEDDING GIFT TO THE HON. NELLIE BASS.

Infantry Regiment have presented a magnificent diamond bracelet, with the arms and crest of the regiment, of which Lord Burton is Honorary Colonel. Both articles were designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silver-smiths' Company, 112, Regent Street.



TEA AND COFFEE SERVICE, WITH TRAY: WEDDING GIFT TO THE HON. NELLIE BASS.



ELY CHAPEL, HOLBORN.

to survey the groined antique walls and lancet windows. A visit, in short, to Ely Chapel will well repay either professional or amateur, and should be included in the regular sights of London.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

The French Academy, on Jan. 25, received a new member, M. Challemeil-Lacour, President of the Senate, elected in place of the late M. Ernest Renan. His discourse, and that of M. Gaston Boissier, head of the Collège de France, in reply, presented fine remarks on the character and genius of Renan, and on his views of religious philosophy.

The Spanish Government has addressed a circular to its representatives abroad explaining the object of Marshal Campos's special mission to the Sultan of Morocco, and stating that the amount claimed as an indemnity is about £1,200,000, representing the cost of the recent expedition to Melilla.

The Antwerp International Exhibition of this year has been taken up, for British exhibitors, in the City of London; and on Jan. 25 the Lord Mayor presided over an influential meeting at the Mansion House, promoted by the London Chamber of Commerce, to further this undertaking, "in view of the intimate commercial relations" between England and Belgium.

Mr. Gladstone's literary work is now, probably for the first time, being translated into Spanish. His article on "Blanco White" in the *Quarterly Review* of 1844 is appearing by instalments in *Espana Moderna*, a Madrid review.

Sandgate, near Folkestone, has suffered further damage to the wall of its sea-front and its marine promenade by another landslide on Thursday night, Jan. 25, caused by the action of the sea. Portions of the cliff near Rottingdean, between Brighton and Newhaven, have likewise fallen.

Mr. Henry O. Forbes, who was formerly curator of the Aberdeen University Museum, and of the museum at Christchurch, Canterbury, New Zealand, has been appointed Director of the Public Museum of the Corporation of Liverpool.

THE MAKING OF CRUSOE.

If you ask a native of Lower Largo (in the kingdom of Fife) where anybody lives who dwells eastwards in the village, you will be told to go "east the Statue." The stranger fails to comprehend what is meant by this direction until he puts the Largo precept into practice and goes eastwards. He will then come upon a statue of Alexander Selkirk or Selkirk, as "Robinson Crusoe," set in a niche in front of the house which now stands on the site of the cottage where Defoe's hero first saw the light of day. This statue was erected by a Mr. D. Gillies, of Largo, who, I believe, claims kinship with Robinson himself. It was the work of Mr. T. Stuart Barnett, A.R.S.A., and was unveiled by the Countess of Aberdeen on Dec. 9, 1885. Even a very small boy can identify Robinson Crusoe, for the sculptor has dressed him in the familiar goatskin cap and goatskin garments, while he grasps the old musket in his left hand, and shades his eyes with his right hand as he looks out from his lonely Juan Fernandez to catch a sight, perchance, of some ship which will carry him back to the kingdom of Fife. An appropriate inscription tells who Selkirk was, what became of him, and when he died. Let us see what local records have to say about Defoe's hero.

According to authority, Sandy Selkirk was born in 1676 in the old house along the street where the statue stands to-day. A restless youth, by all accounts, who could not thole his father's trade of making and mending boots and shoes for Largo folks, but who, none the less, was kept to the last till he was about nineteen years old. In 1689 we find him fighting in a mob who objected to Episcopacy as then represented in Largo, and, later on, when Presbyterianism had come to its own in the land, Selkirk was called before the Kirk Session to answer a charge of unruly and unseemly conduct in church. Alexander apparently did not relish any such citation, for he went off to sea, and for six years led a life of roving kink on the South Seas with the privateers. In 1701 he turns up at Largo, with the result that again the fathers of the Kirk Session had their eyes upon him, and cited him before their court because of a scurrilous, a kind of family free fight, which had ensued on a practical joke, the result of which was that Selkirk had given his youngest brother a good thrashing. This time Alexander did appear, and was solemnly rebuked before the congregation. But in 1704 we find him off to sea again. He goes with Captain Dampier and Captain Straddling, who, of course, were privateers. There was plenty of excitement in the life, and, best of all, much chance of prize-money, even if a prison and the gallows loomed as a *per contra* to the full purse. Straddling appoints Selkirk as his sailing master or mate, but it would appear that ill-blood exists between them, and the end of it is that one fine day Selkirk is marooned, perhaps voluntarily, as is more than likely. His seaman's "kist" (which is the Scottish for "chest") and himself were landed on Juan Fernandez. He had his gun, of course, and powder and shot, and sundry other belongings. Then Straddling sails away, and leaves the Largo lad to his fate. Four years pass, in solitude, and then a certain Captain Rogers lands in Juan Fernandez in 1709 in the month of February. He finds Selkirk, of course, "monarch of all he surveys," and Selkirk, it seems, finds Dampier, in turn, on board Rogers's ship. Straddling's craft, the *Cinco Ports*, which brought Selkirk to the island, had been wrecked, and Straddling and the survivors of his crew imprisoned by the Spaniards. Rogers agrees to take Selkirk off the island, and away he sails once more on the privateering tack. To London he returns in 1711, with, it is said, some £800 as his share of booty. And so it came to pass that some time in 1712, just as the kirk bell was ringing for Sunday service it is said, Selkirk made his reappearance in Largo. To the church goes Alexander, clad in gold-laced clothes. Nobody knew him at first. There must have been much inattention that Sunday in Largo Kirk, I fancy, when this gorgeous apparition made its appearance. But his mother's keen instincts detected her bairn, and with a cry of recognition, she rushed to Sandy's arms. Then, it is said, the Selkirk pew was cleared out, and the family went home. Let us hope the minister "improved the occasion."

What happened to Crusoe after 1712 seems to have been accurately chronicled. He stayed at home for a time, and eloped to London, for reasons not quite clear, with a Largo maid, one Sophia Bruce. There they were married. In 1717 he makes a will in favour of Mrs. Selkirk, but she died soon thereafter, for Crusoe's second wife was espoused at Plymouth in 1720. She was one Frances Candis or Candie, a widow. His own sphere of life, as was natural, was still the sea. He entered the King's Navy, and became lieutenant. It was in this rank of life that death overtook him, for in 1723 he died abroad, on board H.M.S. *Weymouth*. It is related that Mrs. Selkirk number two proved her husband's will on Dec. 5, 1723. She was then, however, Frances Hall, which seems to prove, as the local chronicler has it, that she soon found another husband. The best among us are not long missed.

Where and how did Daniel Defoe get hold of Selkirk's romance? Tradition asserts that Defoe met Selkirk at Wapping in 1711, after his return from Juan Fernandez and the successful privateering trip; and Defoe is further said to have written his immortal romance at Gateshead-on-Tyne. I do not know the date of the first publication of "Robinson Crusoe," but Daniel Defoe was himself a peripatetic philosopher, and among other journeyings he certainly found himself in the kingdom of Fife. He was commissioned by the Government of his day to make inquiry into Scottish affairs with a view to the question of a Union, and the results of his inquiries are embodied in four small volumes entitled, "A Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain," published by G. Strahan, Cornhill, 1727, Mears at the Lamb, without Temple Bar, and R. Staggs in Westminster Hall. That Defoe was near Largo is proved by his description of Fife towns and of Buckhaven, that quaint fishing village a mile or two from Largo itself. He may quite well have made Selkirk's acquaintance elsewhere than at Wapping—though this, of course, is immaterial, and may be left for some *littérateur* or other, versed in things, to settle.

A. W.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

G. B. D. (King's sic).—Your reconstruction is certainly interesting and curious, although the position is one that invariably leads itself to such alterations.

B. M. ALLEN (Hampstead).—We know of nothing; perhaps Mr. Rowland, Clontarf, Dublin, can inform you. Usually published problems are distinctly barred. Your problem can be solved by 1. Q to Kt 6th.

W. FINLAYSON.—Thanks for problems, which shall have our immediate attention.

C. E. D. (Leyburn).—Hoffer's "Chess for Beginners," published by Routledge.

EVANS GAMBIT.—Apply to E. Freeborough, Parliament Street, Hull.

F. J. LLOYD (Eastbourne).—Thanks for communication.

W. S. FENELLOA (Salem, Mass., U.S.A.).—We will examine your problem and report later.

F. J. McE.—We trust your wishes may be fulfilled. Your solution, however, will not do.

C. BURNETT. We will credit you with the solution in question. Thanks for problem.

M. K. L. (Surrey).—Thanks, we will play it over and report later.

BARNARD FISON.—A notice appeared informing you the problem had a second solution. We will, however, look again, and report afresh.

REGINALD KELLY.—If Black play 1. R to Kt 7th, no mate next move.

W. D.—The amended version shall have every attention.

D. POSTER.—The position is an obvious win for White by 1. B to Q 4th, Kt to K sq; 2. R to B 4th (ch), winning the Queen in two more moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2595 received from J. W. Shaw (Montreal), James Clark (Chester); of No. 2596 from M. A. Byre (Folkestone), James Clark, Rev. G. T. Carpenter (Eye), Alma, Hugh D. Hind, Esq.; of No. 2597 from T. Shakespear (South Yardley), A. H. B. Alma, Dr. G. Brown (Earningham), Blair Cochrane (Clewer), Sergeant-Major E. Hetchford (Penryn), E. E. H. Dickleburgh, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Stirlings (Hampshire).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2598 received from Blair Cochrane, M. A. Eyre, W. David (Cardiff), Admiral Brandreth, Alma, J. Coad, A. H. B. L. Beirlant (Bruges), M. Burke, Jas. M. Clure (Leeds), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Percy Scholey, T. Roberts, Martin F. A. J. Haggood (Haslar), T. D. Range, R. Worters (Canterbury), H. S. Brandreth, Bruton, F. Glanville, W. Wright, Anglin, H. B. Hurford, Shadforth, R. H. Brooks, Joseph Willcock (Chester), W. P. Hind, Ubique, A. Newman, Dickleburgh, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J. S. Martin (Kidderminster), T. G. Ware, F. Dunn (Camberwell), L. Desanges, Edward J. Sharpe, W. T. Brunker, Alpha, J. S. Wesley (Exeter), W. R. B. (Plymouth), G. Joicey, H. C. Chancellor, W. R. Raillem, G. T. Hughes (Athy), C. E. Perugini, Sorrento, Hereward, and J. Ross (Whitley).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2597.—By C. BURNETT.

WHITE. BLACK.

1. Q takes Q B P. B takes B

2. Q to B 5th (ch). Any move

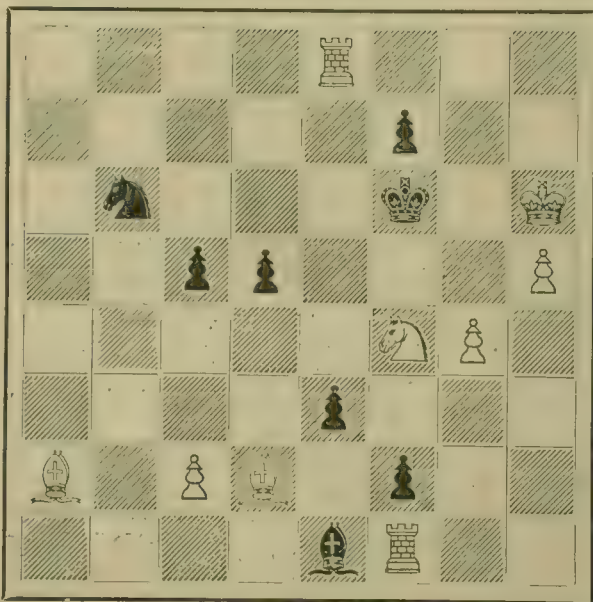
3. Kt to B 7th. Mate.

If Black play 1. R to R 7th or 8th, 2. Kt to R 3rd, and 3. Q mates. If Black play 1. B to Q 4th, then 2. Q to B 4th (ch), B takes Q; 3. Kt P takes Q. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2600.

By JOHN CRUM.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Inter-Collegiate match between Messrs. B. R. Ewing (Princeton) and E. L. Baire (Columbia).

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	17. P takes P	B takes Q B P
2. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	18. P to K R 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
3. P to Q B 4th	P to K B 4th	19. P to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to K 5th
		20. Kt to Q 3rd	B to B 2nd
		21. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt
		22. B to Kt 2nd	B to R 4th
		23. B to Q 4th	Q to Q 3rd
		24. P to K Kt 4th	P takes P
		25. P takes P	B takes R
		26. R to Kt 3rd	Kt takes R
		27. Q takes Kt	P to K R 4th
		28. B takes P	P takes B
		29. Q takes P	R to B 2nd
		30. K to B 2nd	Q to B 2nd
		31. Q to Kt 6th	

Inferior, as usual, to Kt to B 3rd, perhaps preceded by P to K B 4th, ultimately establishing the piece at K 5th.

7. Castles

8. P to B 4th

9. P to B 3rd

10. R to B 3rd

11. Kt to B 2nd

12. Kt takes Kt

13. Q to K sq

14. B to K 3rd

15. Kt to Q 2nd

White seems to have a strange objection to P to R 3rd. Here it was necessary in order to drive off the Kt. Time is lost while Black masses his forces.

16. Kt to B 2nd

Q R to K sq

P to B 4th

White resigns.

31. R takes B P (ch)

32. K to K 2nd

33. R to K Kt sq

34. R takes Q

White resigns.

"Examples of Chess Master Play" (second series), compiled by C. T. Blanshard, M.A. (Simpkin and Marshall, London).—This is a further selection of first-class games played in various tournaments during recent years, and, like its predecessor, contains copious notes by leading analysts, together with illustrative diagrams.

The Ludgate Circus and Athenaeum Chess Clubs played their round in the London League Competition on Jan. 21, when, notwithstanding the former had to give way four points by default, the result was a draw of ten games each. The Athenaeum appeared handicapped with a rather weak tail.

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Private-viewing as a fashionable function had a good deal "gone out"; some galleries were wont to overcrowd their rooms and make them unbearably hot with "nobodies in particular"; and the Royal Academy—too large for such a danger—has descended in style through the foolishness of its methods of inviting. The directors of the Grafton Gallery have revived the fashion of the private view by avoiding both errors. Their recent gathering, though it was in midwinter, was by far the smartest that I have seen for some time. Among the company were the Marchioness of Granby and her son, the Earl and Countess of Arran, Countess Delawarr and her daughter, Lady Arthur Hill, Viscountess Hood, Lady Seymour, Lady Gilbert, many distinguished artists, a fair sprinkling of the best journalists, and only Mrs. Bernard Beere as the representative of the profession generally most over-represented at such functions. Mrs. Beere did credit to the position, for she looked most striking in a long coat of moss-green velvet, trimmed in bars with brown fur across the front breadths—too much like a London alderman's gown; it is true, but novel and effective. Under that she had a black silk gown with an immense train, trimmed in front with light-blue ribbon streamers. Another striking long pelisse was of black velvet with a yoke and long ends of ermine, slit to the waist behind, and revers turning back there faced with ermine in a graduated width, so wide as almost to reach the side seams at the bottom of the back of the garment. Another charming mantle was of black moiré, short and very full, cut so as to have no visible seams, and topped with a deep falling collar of stiff white lace, so stiff as to suggest the points being wired, with a Medici collar of chinchilla above the lace; with this was worn a Dutch bonnet of grey cloth edged with chinchilla and trimmed with a bow of black moiré laid flat at the back. A pretty costume was a black moiré dress with the bodice cut out in a heart shape (which is not quite the same thing as a V, mind), and filled in with a pleating of white crêpe surrounded by revers faced with a bright brocade, a white ground with floral design in red and gold.

Violet in all its shades is very popular, and certainly has a regal look. One costume consisted of a black dress with a violet velvet mantle, the high collar and yoke-shaped top heavily encrusted with jet embroideries; and a bonnet of black velvet with violet velvet rosettes placed at the back corners of the square shape, an edge of jet all round and two small violet bows and a jet aigrette at the front. Another was an illustration of the probable coming fashion of over-skirts, or rather simulated ones. The dress was of heliotrope face cloth, cut off at the sides so as to form points at the extreme back and front and to thus reveal an apparent under-skirt of violet velvet, the edges of the cloth being bordered with brown fur. The corsage was a zouave coat of velvet edged with fur over a tight-fitting and invisibly fastened cloth bodice; puffed velvet sleeve tops and cloth cuffs. A serpentine shot violet tweed with green lights underneath was worn with a black moiré loose-backed coat, and a tan bonnet with green twisted velvet edge and black bows. Many dresses had the bodice utterly different from the skirt. One such was a black satin skirt with corsage of frills of white lace appearing under a crimson velvet zouave, finished by a scarf of crimson and black brocade twisted round the waist. Another was a skirt of dark green serge with a bodice which was of amethyst velvet to the bust, trimmed so far with lines of jet trimming up it, then came a yoke chemisette of white satin embroidered in jet; and a collar band of amethyst velvet with a strip of black fur in its centre.

From Paris I receive information that nearly all smart dresses, even for skating, are being made with the corsages of lighter style and fabric than the heavy skirts. The bodices are made interlined with flannel and lined under that with silk, the linings stopping short just before the actual waist is reached, so that the figure can be closely outlined above the hips, while the extra thickness above is compensated for by the stuff being more or less draped over the shape and not absolutely tight. Then it is possible to dispense with a jacket or mantle while exercise is being taken, a warm wrap being ready to put on in the carriage or if standing about at all. Evening dresses are at their best in Paris just now, for they have not the artificial time of year for their season that we have. It is, therefore, interesting to learn that the most *chic* material of the moment is face cloth in light and delicate shades. This may seem a queer fancy for evening gowns, but some of us had an opportunity of seeing how beautifully it does really make up so when an attempt was made a season or two ago to introduce it for drawing-room gowns. A great lady had an exquisite one constructed for her; it was of pinkish-mauve face cloth, made in the orthodox style, the train-lined with rose-pink silk, and the whole trimmed with beautiful La France roses and white lace; but the Queen, who is extremely conservative in matters of Court fashions, sent word that she could not permit the unconventional material to be worn. However, the dormant idea is now revived in Paris.

Paris evening gowns are being trimmed with mixtures of fur, lace, flowers, and brocades, all on one dress, as well as with all manner of superb jewelled and tinselled passementeries. The combinations that are made with fur, lace, and flowers are as effective as they are startling to hear about. For instance, there is a dress of pale yellow face cloth, with a short train and a décolletage very deep down, both edged with beaver, and embroidered deeply beneath that with gold spangles; puffed sleeves are finished with lace and fur, and are headed by epaulettes of Maréchal Niel roses, and a big cluster of the same flowers adorns the left hip and trails thence to the ground. Another dress is of peach-blossom satin, with the sides cut up to show narrow inserted strips of cloth of a similar shade thoroughly encrusted with white jet and pearl embroideries; the edges of the cuts are trimmed with sable; a deep flounce of Brussels lace goes across the front breadth, draped up here and there with purple orchids; the back breadths of the train are edged with sable, and there is a décolletage trimming of peach-coloured orchids and sable tail above a rivière of white jet fringes.



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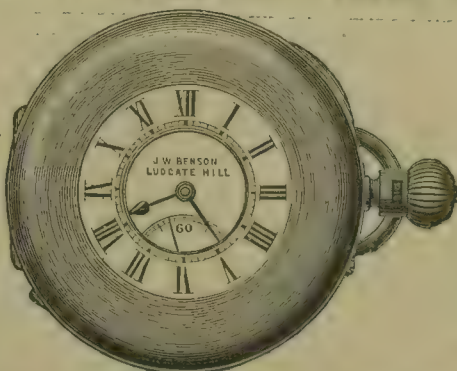
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I rejoice to say that I need not sink to the level of the "mere journeyman's work of censure" in connection with the superb performance of Miss Olga Nethersole in Mr. Gattie's new play, "The Transgressor." No! I can "praise, praise, praise" to my heart's content and to the satisfaction, I trust, of the most hungry dramatist and the most unsatiable actor. But here let me pause a moment in order to point out as courteously and submissively as I can a fresh instance of the misleading character of a pseudo-epigram. We have been told recently, *ex cathedra*, "It is mere journeyman's work to condemn, but the critic who knows how to praise raises himself to the level of the artist he judges." Now, the exact converse is the case. It is the easiest thing in the world to praise indiscriminately; it is the most difficult art in criticism to blame with judgment. Any amateur can praise; any tyro with a year's experience of the stage can overflow with the milk of human kindness; but experience, knowledge of the stage, acquaintanceship with every form and style of dramatic art are necessary before a conscientious critic dare to blame. To praise is often to conceal your ignorance, to blame is to assert your knowledge.

As it happens, I lived and wrote about the stage in the year 1860, when I myself was absolutely ignorant of the art I discussed, the rawest of amateurs; and those were the times of unqualified eulogy. Then indeed it was "praise, praise, praise." And what was the result? What was the state of the stage in 1860? Deploable. Those were the days of "Adelphi guests" and "Adelphi moons," of untidy slovenly ways, of men of sixty playing boys of eighteen, of bad wigs, rag-bag dresses, wretched plays, and a dead-level of indifferent acting. Why? Because nobody dared or cared to condemn. John Oxenford could have done it, nobody better; but he drifted gradually into the soft stream of eulogy, and saw the stage of his time pining and withering for the want of independent criticism. It seems to me that the vigorous and manly independence of such an institution as the "Playgoers' Club" has been the means of waking the drama into life and action. Their motto has never been "praise, praise, praise." They praise heartily; they condemn severely. While the pit and the playgoers exist they will never pass scamped work, and I will repeat again what I have often said before, that I have never yet in the last twenty years seen bad work praised or carelessness endorsed by the earnest and educated students of the stage, who give it life and pulse by their criticisms and discussions.

Take the case of this very Miss Nethersole, who has, at a bound, asserted her supremacy, and who has given us tidings of good joy of a passionate and powerful actress who can interpret the great rôles of Shaksperian and modern drama in the immediate future. This very Miss Olga Nethersole was at the very earliest part of her career in great danger of the "journeyman's work" of reckless eulogy. Those who remember the scene in "The Dean's Daughter" will understand what I mean. She never

received the "journeyman's work of censure," for the very good reason that journeymen have not the art to condemn. But, like a sensible and ambitious artist, she took to heart the words kindly offered to her, and the criticism honestly directed to her use. She did not sulk; she studied more. When she failed in "The Profligate," and when she was told she had failed, she bore herself bravely up. She only studied the more. "Praise, praise, praise," might have reduced her to the dead-level of contemporary art; but censure made her fight the harder. What was the consequence? The result of this tireless ambition, this desire to meet eventually with the approval of such as were competent to judge her work, gave us in quick succession the admirable performances in "The Fool's Paradise" and in "Agatha" and "Diplomacy," and nerved her to break away from the poison-plays and fascinating adventuresses, and to determine how, comparatively unaided, she would prove that she could understand the heart-beat and the emotion of a good woman who had faith and the power of protection for a weak and helpless man.

The awkwardness and some of the inconsequence of Mr. Gattie's didactic essay on the marriage laws may be readily forgiven for the sake of his bold picture of Sylvia, and for the opportunity he has given to Miss Olga Nethersole to assert her artistic supremacy—nay, more, to hold a sceptical audience in her grip, and to send them home delighted to a man and woman. For Mr. Gattie has had the courage to draw a strong-minded woman who is not an unsexed woman, a woman of brains who does not beat them against the wall, a woman who is powerfully influenced by the questions of the day, who will brook no interference with her liberty; a woman who disagrees with her elders, and does so as a refined lady and not a vulgar shrew who snaps their heads off; but in heart, in nature, and in essence as noble and as affectionate and as generous a woman as the best mother and the sweetest sister of the old days who could be quoted. How delightful to find a dramatist who can give us a woman with a heart, who does not disdain to own that love is the mainspring of her nature! We have been so wearied with these melancholy wives and knowing maidens, these "hell cats" on the domestic hearth, and these innocent prudes whose minds are stocked with nastiness, that it is a positive relief to find an Agatha who can command the admiration of women and the loyal chivalry of men. Here, at last, was a woman indeed—a natural woman, and not one of the dried and mummied specimens labelled in the philosophical museum of curiosities.

Partly the joy of seeing a woman of nature, and partly, no doubt, the superb interpretation of her by Miss Olga Nethersole, made men and women in the theatre join hands in a chorus of congratulation. It was like letting in light and air to a musty, fusty room. We could all breathe again. The actress never faltered. She went straight at the goal and never drew breath. She knew what her climax was, and she fought for it with consummate power. She had married her lover in secret, and pleaded to be released from her oath of silence. She felt the coming storm, but she shook off the nervous apprehension. And

then came the crash. Her husband was a bigamist. She was no wife. The man she had trusted had not shared her faith. The actress reeled under the shock like a tree bending to a hurricane. The tempest had come. Fate had conquered her. Her life was dead. Ah, no! Love is mightier than death, and out from her woman's heart welled the very life-blood of her love. The man had deceived her, but he had loved her. The man had been weak through love; she, through love, would be strong. The protecting "Come to me" touched every heart in the audience. How strong the woman seemed! how utterly helpless the man! I maintain that this is one of the finest pathetic scenes by an English actress that the stage has seen for many a long year. Since Mrs. Kendal's Susan I have not been so deeply stirred. But the best of it is, I am convinced it is only the earnest of better things to come. I cannot think that Miss Olga Nethersole was well supported. That makes the triumph the greater. To walk through parts may be very clever, but such indifference is neither fair to the actress nor courteous to the public. This kind of carelessness was due in the old days to indiscriminate praise.

The Rochdale Theatre and Opera-House was destroyed by fire on Saturday morning, Jan. 27, after a performance on the preceding night. Two cotton-mills were burnt, on Jan. 30, at Oldham.

Mr. Ronald William Heaton, late scholar of King's College, Cambridge, first-class in the Classical Tripos of 1890 and the Historical Tripos of 1892, has been appointed Director and Librarian of the Bishopsgate Institute, founded in the parish of St. Botolph under the City Parochial Charities Act.

The Great Eastern Railway Company has added another new first-class passenger steam-boat, the Amsterdam, to those named the Chelmsford and the Berlin, already built for the new route from Harwich to the "Hook of Holland," avoiding Rotterdam, and reaching the city of Amsterdam within twelve hours from London. The new vessel, constructed of steel by Earle's Shipbuilding Company at Hull, has twin-screw propellers, engines of 5000-horse power, and a speed of eighteen knots an hour.

Pope Leo XIII., upon the formal recommendation of the Cardinals who form the "Congregation of Rites," has pronounced Joan of Arc, the shepherdess and saintly heroine of French patriotic warfare in the fifteenth century, the victorious Maid of Orleans, the martyr burnt at the stake under a guard of English soldiers, to be a "venerable" personage in the estimation of the Roman Catholic Church; and it is possible that the further honours of "beatification" and "canonisation" may yet be conferred on her name. Voltaire wrote the scandalous libel of "La Pucelle"; Shakspeare, assuredly, did not write those atrocious scenes in "King Henry VI." which represent Joan as a wanton and a liar. The Pope may not be infallible, but in this instance we heartily approve his decision.

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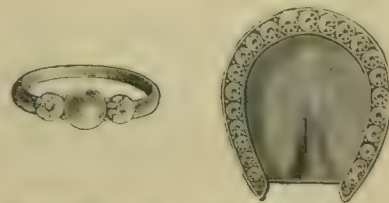
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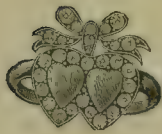
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 18, 1891) of Mr. Edmund Ayres, of 22, Hyde Park Place, who died on Dec. 7 at Manor House, Hoddesdon, Herts., was proved on Jan. 13 by Mrs. Ann Rebecca Ayres, the widow, and Thomas Ritchie, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £77,000. With the exception of annuities of £100 to his daughter Louisa Mary Bruff; of £50 each to his brother Henry Ayres, his niece Mary Penny, and Alice Jane Ritchie; of £30 to his granddaughter Catherine Paul; and of £20 to Catherine Morton, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated June 8, 1878), with a codicil (dated June 8, 1883), of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Doveton, retired H.E.I.C.S., of 30, Norland Square, Notting Hill, who died on Dec. 6, was proved on Jan. 17 by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Doveton, R.E., the son, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £60,000. The testator gives the lease of his residence, 30, Norland Square, with the furniture and effects (except a few articles specifically bequeathed), to his son Henry, and he directs the £4000 to be paid for which he gave a bond to the trustees of the settlement made on his said son's marriage; £4000 each to his daughters, Mrs. Augusta Anne Susan Maxwell and Mrs. Grace Emma Green, and his son Edward; £2000 each to Harry and Frank, the sons of his late daughter, Mrs. Maria Ryan; and other legacies. The residue of his property is to be divided into four equal parts, one of which he leaves to each of his children, Henry, Edward, and Grace Emma; and the remaining share to the children of his late daughter, Maria.

The Irish probate, sealed at Belfast, of the will (dated May 17, 1889), with two codicils (dated Oct. 28, 1889, and Sept. 12, 1892), of Mr. John Browne, of Ravenhill, Belfast, merchant, who died on Sept. 16, granted to Lawson Ammesley Browne and Thomas Henry Browne, the brothers, Alexander Crawford Browne, the nephew, and Sir Samuel Black, four of the executors, has just been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £58,000. The testator bequeaths £300 to the Sustentation Fund of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland; £100 to the Presbyterian Orphan Society; and many legacies to Belfast charities. He also bequeaths all his furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Matilda Caroline Browne; his residence at Ravenhill for her to occupy and enjoy during life; and £1000 per annum for her maintenance and support; 100 paid-up shares in John Browne and Co., Limited, and £1000 to his nephew, Crawford Browne; £1000 to his niece,

Eliza McCoombe; and numerous legacies to other of his relatives, workpeople in the employ of John Browne and Co., Limited, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter, Matilda McLeane.

The will and codicil (both dated May 28, 1889), of Mr. Thomas Butler, of 66, Prince's Gate, and Exbury House, Exbury, Southampton, who died on Oct. 9, were proved on Jan. 13 by the Hon. Robert Saint John Fitzwalter Butler, and Reginald Thomas Tower, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £48,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, the balance at his bankers, and all his household furniture and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Emma Elizabeth Butler; £100 each to his executors; £1000 to his brother, Captain Henry William Paget Butler; £300 to his sister, Mrs. Henrietta Hedley; and £100 to his friend, Admiral Richard Brice Pearce. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his daughter, Mrs. Laura Tower, with the intent that the same shall be subject to the covenants of her settlement.

The will (dated March 19, 1878) of Mr. Walter Francis Wingham, J.P., of Hotham House, Brough, Yorkshire, who died on Dec. 12, was proved on Jan. 23 by Mrs. Fanny Wingham, the widow, and Henry Elland Norton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £36,000. The testator bequeaths £500, and all his household furniture, plate, pictures, books, china, glass, wines, housekeeping stores, horses, carriages, and effects, to his wife. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves upon trust for his wife for life, then for his children, as she shall by deed or will appoint, and in default of such appointment to his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 10, 1891), with a codicil of the same date, of Mrs. Mary Agnes Cunliffe, of Hedley Court, Epsom, who died on Nov. 28 at 17, Chesham Place, was proved on Jan. 9 by John Henderson and Leonard Daneham Currie, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £34,000. The testatrix gives all her personal estate, other than the funds comprised in her marriage settlement, to her husband, Walter Currie. In the event of her leaving no children, she bequeaths one moiety of the trust funds of her marriage settlement as follows: £3000 to her husband; £8000, upon trust, for her sister, Isabella Eleonora Henderson, for life; and the remainder of such moiety, upon trust, for her husband for life, and then (and also the £8000 on the death of her sister), for

certain of her nephews and nieces, the children of her brothers, Robert, John, and George William.

The will (dated March 8, 1889), with two codicils (dated Dec. 15, 1891, and Oct. 17, 1893), of Mr. Charles Ambrose Hanley, of Myskyns, Ticehurst, Sussex, brewer, who died on Oct. 22, was proved on Jan. 10 by Frederick Smith, the uncle, and Edmund Augustine Hanley, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £36,000. The testator bequeaths £100, all his furniture, household effects, wines, stores, horses, carriages, farm, and stable effects, and an annuity of £500 to his wife; 100 guineas each to his executors; a further £100 to his said brother to purchase a memento of him in appreciation of his kindness; £2000 each, upon trust, for his sisters, Julia and Marian; and legacies to coachman and gardener. As to the residue of his property, he gives three fifths to his son Hubert; and two fifths to his daughter Hilda.

The will (dated April 26, 1891) of Mr. Charles John Middleton, formerly Senior Registrar of the Court of Probate, of Little St. Ann's, Englefield Green, Surrey, who died on Jan. 1, was proved on Jan. 20 by Colonel Oswald Robert Middleton, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £33,000. The testator bequeaths all his household furniture, plate, linen, china, and effects, consumable stores, live and dead stock, horses and carriages, at Little St. Ann's, and the money at his bankers, to his wife, Mrs. Catharine Mary Middleton. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then his real estate and £1000 to his said son. As to the ultimate residue of his personal estate, he gives one moiety to his said son Oswald Robert; and the other moiety to the children of his late son, Clement Alexander, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 2, 1890) of Mr. Walter Marr Brydone, of Red Lodge, Sevenoaks, Kent, civil engineer, who died on Nov. 3, was proved on Jan. 9 by Mrs. Hannah Maria Brydone, the widow, and Walter Marr Brydone, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testator gives all his jewellery, pictures, plate, furniture, effects, live and dead stock, horses and carriages to his wife and said son; all his real estate in Scotland, certain policies of insurance, £6000, and the property he is entitled to on the death of Harold Stanley Maples, to his said son; and £300 per annum to his daughter Jane Ann Brydone for life. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life and then for his said son Walter Marr Brydone.

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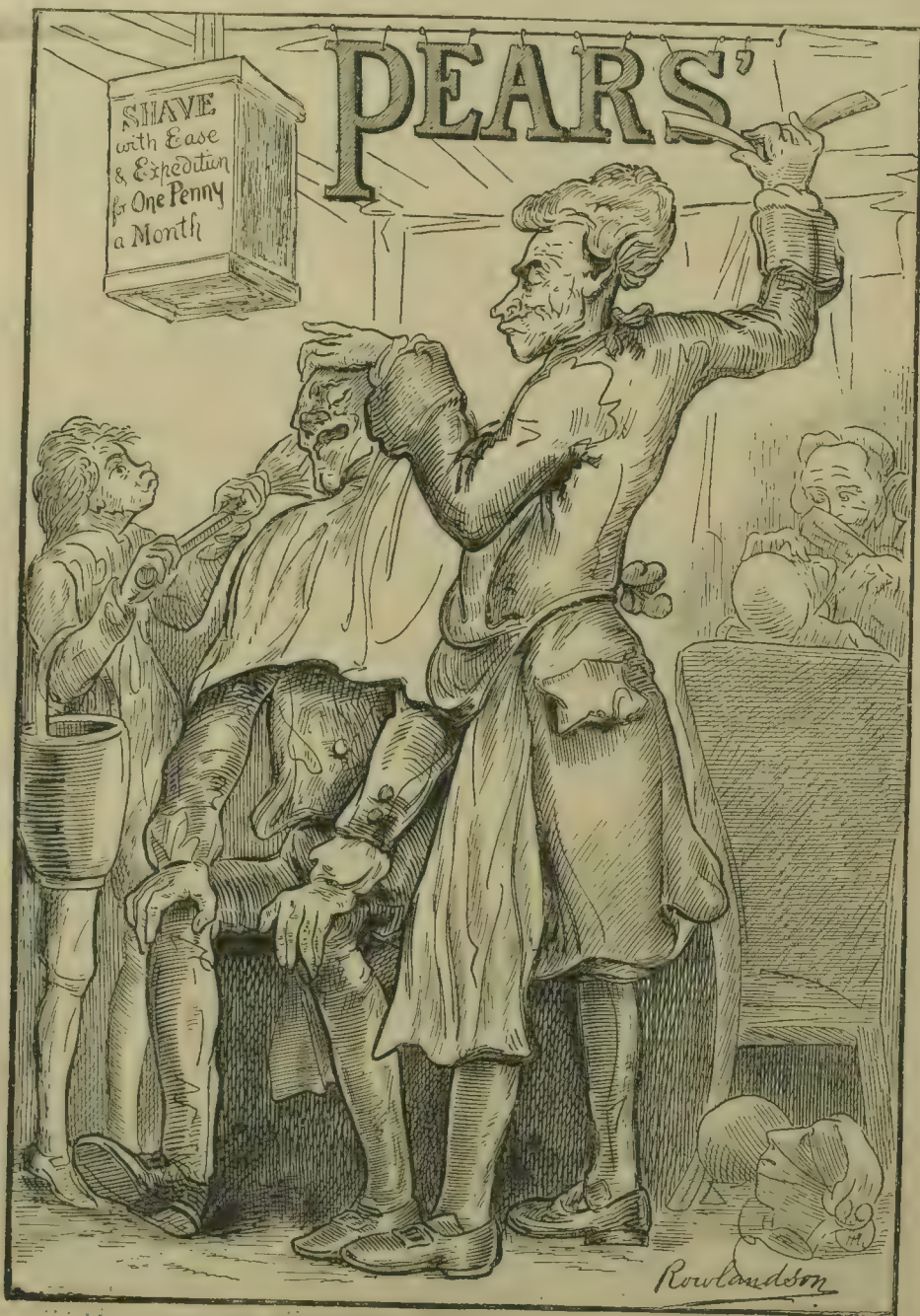
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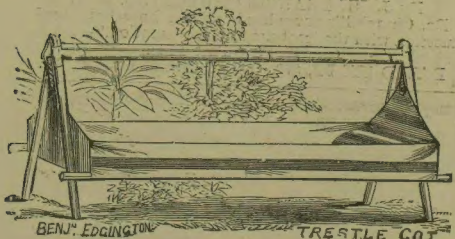
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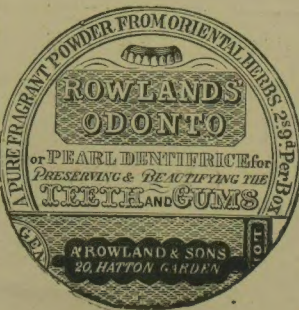
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OBITUARY.

SIR HENRY TYRWHITT, BART.

Sir Henry Thomas Tyrwhitt, Bart., died at his residence, Stanley Hall, Bridgnorth, on Jan. 26. The baronetcy, to which Sir Henry succeeded on the death of his father in 1839, was created Oct. 3, 1808. The late Baronet was born April 16, 1824, and married, in 1853, Emma Harriet, Baroness Berners, the niece and heiress of Henry William, Lord Berners. His eldest surviving son, now Sir Raymond Robert Tyrwhitt-Wilson, assumed by royal license in 1892 the surname and arms of Wilson, and is heir to the very ancient barony of Berners. He was born in 1855, and is unmarried.

SIR GERALD PORTAL.

Sir Gerald Herbert Portal, K.C.M.G., C.B., died at his residence in Mount Street, London, on Jan. 25. This young but distinguished diplomatist was son of Mr. Melville Portal, of Laverstoke, Hants (for which county he was at one time M.P.), by Lady Charlotte Mary, his wife, daughter of the second Earl of Minto, and he was great-grandson of Henri Portal, who escaped to England during the religious persecution consequent on the Revocation of

the Edict of Nantes. He was born March 13, 1858, and became an Attaché in 1879. In 1881 he was promoted to be Third Secretary to the Embassy at Rome; and in the following year was temporarily attached to the Agency and Consulate-General in Egypt, being present at the bombardment of Alexandria. He was entrusted with a mission into Abyssinia in 1887, and for this received a C.B. He was appointed Agent and Consul-General at Zanzibar, and Consul-General for East Africa in 1891; and, having been made in 1892 a K.C.M.G., was sent in that year on a special mission to Uganda, in regard to which he was preparing his official report at the time of his death. Sir Gerald married, in 1890, Lady Alice Josephine Bertie, daughter of the seventh Earl of Abingdon.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Henry Bowes Scott, a son of the late Major-General Scott, C.B., R.E., F.R.S., the well-known designer of the Royal Albert Hall. He devoted his life to engineering pursuits.

Mr. John Spencer Ashton Shuttleworth, at his seat, Hathersage Hall, in the county of Derby, on Jan. 25. Mr. Shuttleworth, who was born in 1817, was son of Major Ashton Ashton Shuttleworth. He married, first, in 1842, Maria, daughter of the Rev. Henry Wright, of

Mottram Hall; and secondly, in 1845, Emily, daughter of Mr. Bolton Peel, of Dosthill Lodge.

The Rev. Thomas James Rowsell, Deputy Clerk of the Closet and Canon of Westminster, on Jan. 23. The late Canon, whose sermons were remarkable for their eloquence, was Rector of St. Margaret's, Lothbury, from 1860 to 1872, and subsequently Vicar of St. Stephen's, Westbourne Park.

Mr. John Francis Waller, LL.D., of Fincoe House, county Tipperary, at his residence, Windhill, Bishops Stortford, on Jan. 19. Mr. Waller was a member of the Irish Bar, and was born in 1809. As author and poet he has acquired a well-deserved reputation. In 1835 Mr. Waller married Anna, daughter of Mr. William Hopkins, and leaves issue.

The Berlin archaeologists have deciphered and translated an interesting document found in a roll of papyrus brought from Egypt. It dates from the year 250 A.D., under the Roman Empire, and is a petition from a man named Aurelius Diogenes, seventy-two years of age, to the "Commissioners of Sacrifices" of Alexander Island, during the persecution of the Christians by the Emperor Decius, with an official certificate, stating that he has obeyed the law by pouring out libations and eating of the meat sacrificed to the gods.

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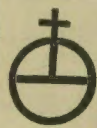
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Edited by SIR WILLIAM INGRAM, Bart., and CLEMENT K. SHORTER. The FEBRUARY NUMBER IS NOW READY.

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DEATH.

On Jan. 4, 1894, in Paris, Henry John Murray, formerly H.B.M. Consul at Tangier, Tenerife, Portland, Maine, U.S.A., and Buenos-Ayres, Argentine Republic, aged seventy-eight.

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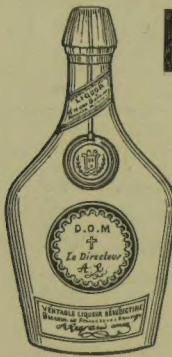
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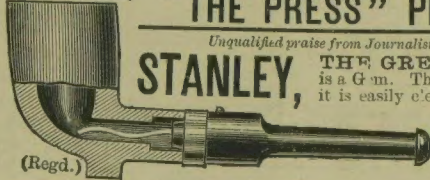
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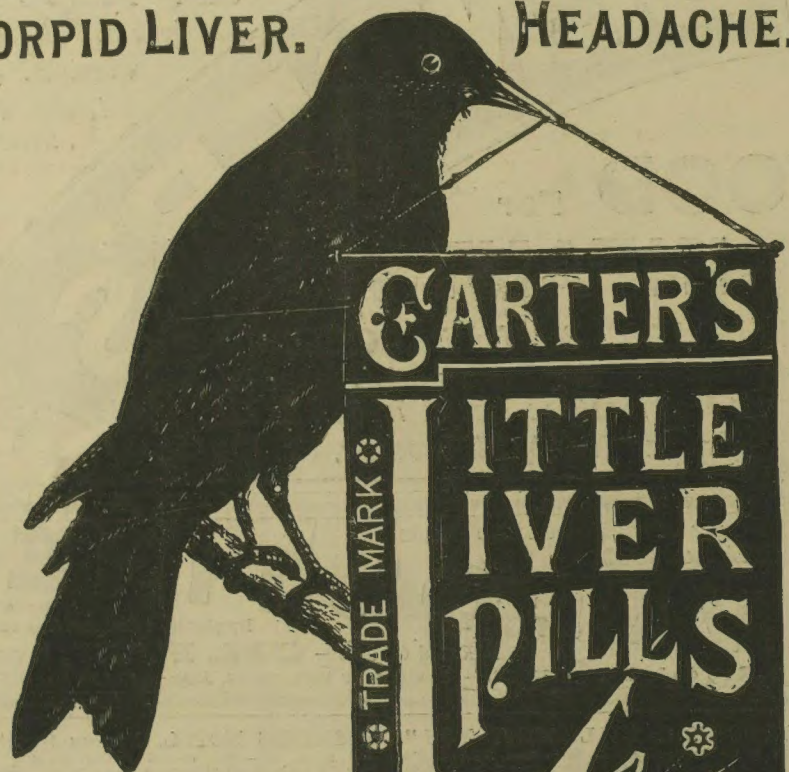
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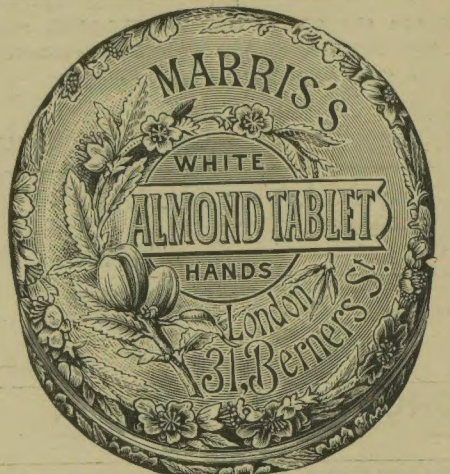
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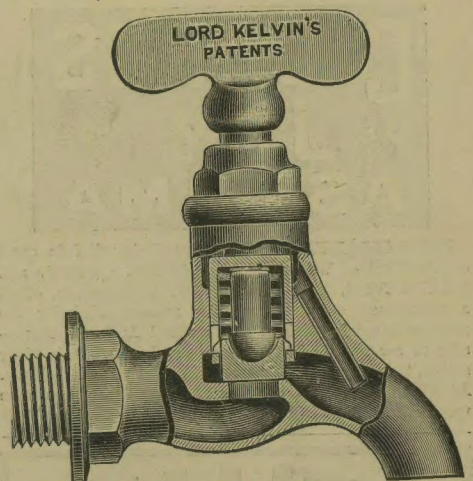
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